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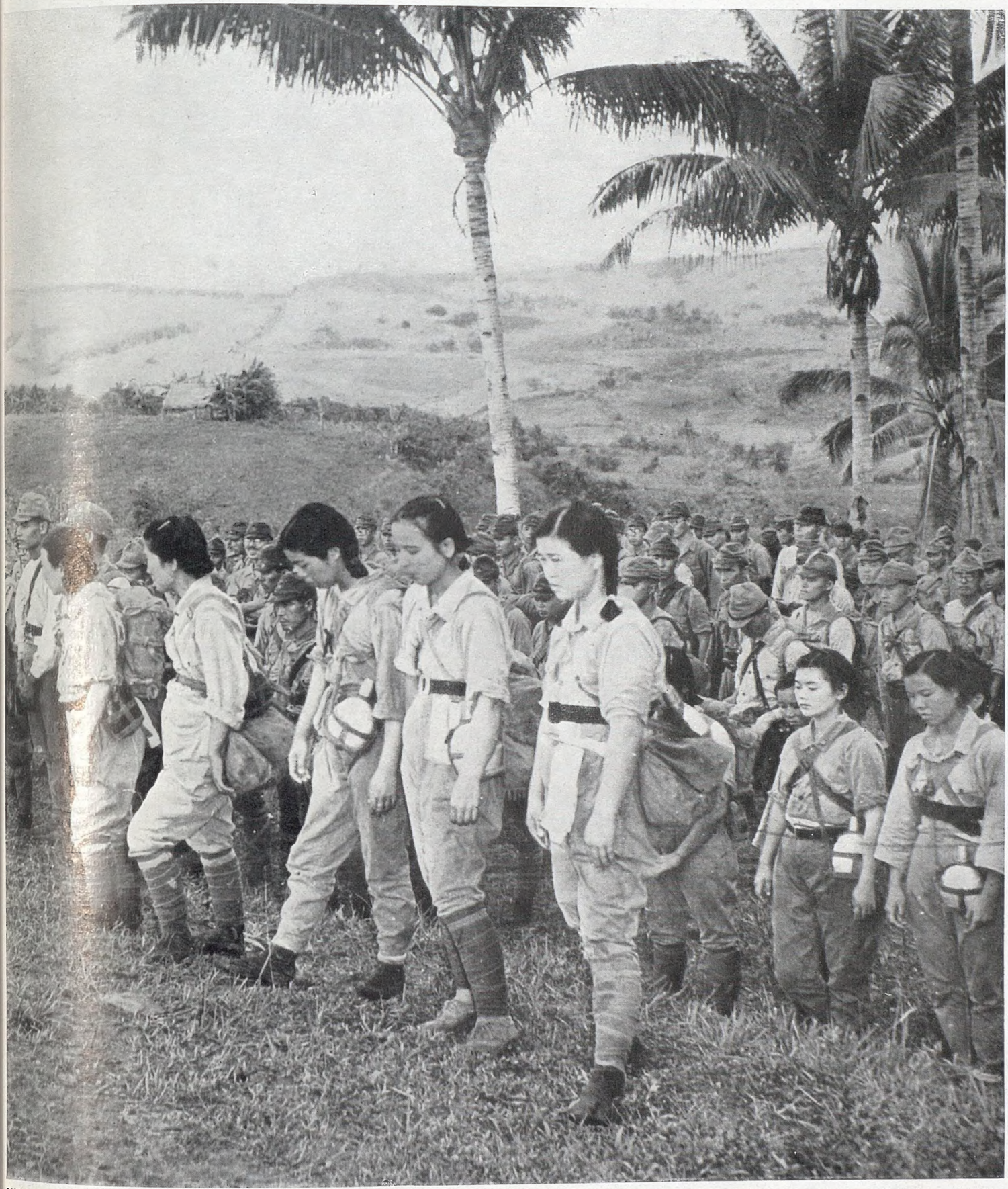
Volume CLXXXIII No. 2391

The SPHERE, London, November 17, 1945

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



NURSES OF THE JAPANESE ARMY SURRENDER TO THE AMERICANS ON AN ISLAND IN THE PHILIPPINES: The scene on Cebu as the women came in. All are in uniform and carry equipment and packs like the Japanese infantrymen

Like most modern armies, the Japanese included a number of women in its ranks. When the surrender was made, these women came in with the rest of the army for internment in prisoner-of-war camps. The picture above was taken on the island of Cebu, in the Philippines, at the moment when a Japanese army of 10,000 laid down their arms to an American Division nine days before the main Capitulation: it has only just been released for publication. The nurses had served there for nineteen months, which may, perhaps, account for their somewhat bedraggled appearance. The women had served in the field under the same conditions as the men

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Truman-Attlee and Atomic Energy.—Atomic energy is catching. It stimulates statesmen already. One can't leave human destiny for long under one enormous note of interrogation. Until that uncertainty is reduced, it is simply comic to plan anything constructive. Is it dug-outs or skyscrapers? Social Welfare or Social Suicide? Peace or War? So Attlee flew out into the Atlantic night to see what Truman thinks and can do about it. And quite certainly Molotov and perhaps Stalin will read into the meeting all kinds of plots and suspicions. It can't be helped. The meeting was necessary, inevitable, overdue. And another meeting with Stalin (if he is fit enough) is still more overdue. It is safe to say that until Stalin, Truman and Attlee have thrashed this issue out and come to a really agreed understanding about the control of the atom, we shall never go an inch along the long, hard road to that sense of security on which the rebuilding of this broken world and tottering civilisation must be based. Without that agreement (and its announcement to the waiting world), it is my belief that no one, high or humble, will be willing to plan constructively or have the heart to hope for better things. And this means Russia as well as the smallest State. The time for repentance is ripe. A terribly false start must be made good. We have had special days set aside for prayers for victory, peace, bumper crops and so forth. If ever a day of national prayer was called for, it is one for prayers for a right judgment and a right understanding among these Three Men, who hold the fate of Civilisation to a great extent in their hands. The jackals will continue to snarl and snap until their bellies are filled again. The lions must cease to growl, and must hold the ring in unity or we shall slip down the crater edge. Muddled thinking is the tragi-comic keynote of our day. The Press, the wireless, common talk, all document and stress it. We are asked to build on a void, and we have not the heart or the impulse to lay the first stone. If the East cannot or will not co-operate, and sink its suspicions, the will and the means to peace and security must move up from the West. But, since the Atom secret is even now an open secret, all sense and sanity suggest that the first step should be to pool knowledge and pool the means to control the hideous potential force. Suspicion is the first enemy to-day; reckless words the second murderer of hope and peace; and the atom itself is low down in the list of enemies. It is not a policy, it is simply a weapon; and it should become a slave and obedient domestic drudge. A thousand millions want peace and freedom from fear. Are their longings for ever to be thwarted by the *personalities* of half-a-dozen (even sane and decent) individuals? To-day, every leader of a State has a sacred duty, never more clear, to speak for his millions, not for his State or himself. The individual, however great, is nothing. The millions of individuals are all. The great statesman of 1945 is a mouthpiece—nothing else.

Bevin Spoke Out.—After Truman, Bevin. Truman found more critics in America than in England. "Too much theory—too little brass-tacks" was the line they took. It all sounded unexceptionable—on paper. But where and what were the sanctions, the methods of enforcing American policy? Bevin was even more direct, blunt, emphatic. It was time for the blowing of poor old England's rusty trumpet—high time! Some blunt words to Russia: "Hands off the British Empire's throat." We have had blunt words in plenty from Russia and taken them all with almost servile humility, returning in exchange expressions of flattery and gratitude for Stalin and the noble Red Army. The exchange has been curiously one-sided. I can recall no *heartfelt* praise for the British Army, Navy, Air Force, from Stalin, Molotov or the Russian Press. Now Bevin has tried some blunt words. But hard and sharp words break no bones . . . and no ice, unless behind the words is resolution, and a combined will and power which will not be denied and will not *eat* its words. The combined power, the combined will, must be directed to the outlawry of force, to the immediate intake of a spirit of peace. The combination must be by all the nations, big and small, whose political development has reached the stage of condemning force as totally insane. All the nations, all the great Powers, in theory outlaw force and command peace, but not all are so politically developed as to comprehend the rigid discipline required of those who genuinely seek peace and ensue it. Those who do so comprehend know at last that Peace is a will-o'-the-wisp; a flickering little flame which can be blown out by a puff of hot air, of bitter wind, by a tiny wreath or rack of the fog of suspicion. Nations and statesmen must have peace on their tongues as well as in their hearts. To-day there are in England and London quite sane and sensible men and women who are considering to what part of the world to emigrate, convinced that London will be a death-trap in the next inevitable war. And we have only just finished World War II! It sounds incredible. Nothing should be regarded as incredible. All the conferences of the war, all the agreements between the great Allies, all the ideals, all the precautions to avoid the follies and crimes of 1919, are at the moment of no avail. Things are worse than in 1919. Not much better than in 1938. We should contrive to broadcast this picture three times a day across the world. Only some such gigantic propaganda effort will call a halt to civilisation's Gadarene rout. Only a realisation of our false start will convince statesmen and private citizens how fearful is the responsibility which rests on each and all to-day. Frankness without suspicion, courage without threats and insults, resolution and not servility, alike in words and actions. How few people even to-day comprehend the fearful importance of mere words. It is words that lead to actions, good or bad. First come words, then actions, then peace—or war. We are in the wordy stage, and it is a crucial stage.

Palestine.—More than the Balkans, more than the Polish Corridor, more than the Straits, all in times past thorns in the flesh of Europe and incentives to war, the problem of Palestine stands out as one of civilisation's worst "headaches" to-day. Theoretically, there is so much justice in the Zionist claims, so much excuse for those nations and individuals who back those claims. In practice, the ideal is doomed to failure, fated to create constant new problems and eternal trouble. The elements will not mix. The melting-pot is not large enough to contain and fuse the explosive ingredients. And it seems that bad luck always attends the more hopeful efforts to cope with the impossible. Lord Gort's illness is a major disaster. For no Governor in the history of our mandate ever went so near to holding the balance between the contending factions, none ever was so warmly regarded and trusted alike by Arab and Jew. Always there is the tragic possibility that, but for the hot-heads on either side, a solution might ultimately emerge. But who is so hopeful as to suppose that when, in countries like England, hot-heads can play havoc with reconstruction, hot-heads can be eliminated among the more primitive races that exist side by side in Palestine? The Palestine mandate has been a *damnosa hereditas* of the First Peace Settlement, and it is a trusteeship we shall find it hard to wriggle out of, if we would. It has certainly brought us more kicks than half-pence, more suspicion than gratitude—like many a testamentary bequest.

THE MAN THE CANADIANS HATE MOST: Brigade-Führer Kurt Meyer, youngest General in the German Army, who is Canada's Number One War Criminal. He has just been flown from England to stand his trial at Aurich, in Germany, on a charge of cold-bloodedly shooting forty-eight Canadian prisoners of war after D-Day landings in Normandy. The victims were all members of the North Nova Scotia Regiment, The Queen's Own Rifles, and the 27th Canadian Armoured Regiment. Kurt Meyer (former commander of the Twelfth S.S. Panzer Division) is to be tried by a Canadian Military Court. Here he is seen (on the right) handcuffed to Major Arthur Russell, commanding the company of the 4th Winnipeg Rifles, who took him into custody on his arrival from England at Jever airport

A.R.P.—Sometimes a short sentence in the moving of a Bill, or drawn from a Minister by a persistent questioner in the House, raises the curtain which hides from the public its Government's thoughts and anxieties. Such a sentence fell the other day when the public learned that the Government cannot *yet* afford to scrap altogether Civil Defence organisations. The risks of air attack are by no means gone for ever. The Government is right in thinking that "we've got to be prepared." We never have been so yet, in our history. But the first requisite of national preparation is preparation of the public mind. After all, it is the public who have to carry out the job. If ever there was an instance of "Having said so much, ought you not to say a little more?" it arises from this significant pronouncement by Mr. Ede. We sit on the crater's edge—but the Guards are to go back to scarlet and full dress. Are we at peace or at war? What nation is expected to bomb us to obliteration in the next decade? Is this sentence the missing clue to the mouldy gas-masks on our shelves, to the still-embodied Home Guard? Is it Russia we fear, or Germany, or France or Japan or America? And if the danger of obliteration-bombing is still to be faced, does not this ugly fact affect our whole housing policy? Should not the skyscrapers in towns and rural areas be built downwards, not skywards? Are we to plan for troglodyte, caveman civilisation or for the golden age of *Homo sapiens*? Am I alone in being stunned by this bomb-shell? Am I alone in thinking that our present muddled thinking and blind-man's-buff can be carried no farther to absurdity?

"Proud of the Dockers."—"We should be proud of the dockers," said Mr. Morrison, when he announced the temporary end of the dock strike. I suppose so. Yet how hard it is to be sure of anything! I know so little beyond question of the intricate business of dock labour and dock hours. The dockers demand (and mean to get, or they will strike again) 25s. a day minimum, a 40-hour week, two-weeks holiday with pay. It is dangerous, difficult work, I am sure, and not as regular as, say, agriculture. But it is not so dangerous as mining or the Merchant Service, and not so long and continuous as agriculture. I know something of an agricultural labourer's day. I remember when he got 3s. a day for a 10-hour day. Now he gets 10s. a day. It is not too much. The docker demands as of right two-and-a-half times 10s. a day for a much shorter week's work. In 1888 he struck for a "tanner an hour." The value of our money has changed; social conscience has altered much; but still to-day I need much more knowledge of conditions at the docks before I can comprehend why I ought to be proud of those dockers who in the past weeks have endangered the nation's food supplies at a very critical time, and their fellows' hard-won rights of collective bargaining. The parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard always puzzled me. To-day, in our national industries, it makes no sense at all. I suppose that, if the "ideals of Socialism" meant anything but flip-flap, Mr. Morrison and old Hodge at the Home Farm would alike receive "every man a penny." But a bumper "penny," of course.

As Fast as Sound Travels.—When I went first to school, 60 miles an hour was the target for the ultimate speed record—and a fantastic target, too. It seems only the other day when I went first to school. Now we travel at 600 miles an hour, only a little slower than sound travels—and that is not fast enough. We must do better. We are doing quite well. "No other nation can touch us in the air." (We hold also the water and land speed records.) But it is not enough to be able to fire a gun to announce your start and to arrive before the sound of that gun reaches your destination—we *must* improve on our air speed. You see, we must get there, *quick*. Where are we to get to? And why must we get there quicker? "Ah! that I cannot tell (said he), But 'twas a glorious victory." And apparently peace depends on our travelling just a little faster.

THE OLD STAGER

Above—**TURNED OUT BY THE RUSSIANS, THE GERMAN REFUGEES FLOOD INTO THE BRITISH ZONE, to await transport to their new homes: This picture was taken at the town of Friedland, on the border of the Russian-British areas**

THE GREAT GERMAN EXODUS

The Refugees Leave the Russian, for the British Zone

—The Amazing Scenes at the Border Town of Friedland

The announcement by the Russian authorities that Germans in their zone who formerly lived in the British zone must leave has led to a vast increase in the number of refugees crossing the border. At Friedland, which is just in the British zone, Military Government officers now have to deal with these extra numbers as they arrive, and despatch them to towns towards the west. This has added enormously to the already swollen numbers of Displaced Persons now on the move throughout Germany and is clogging the work of Allied officers within the British zone. After being registered at Friedland, the refugees are sent by train and lorry to their destinations. Usually they bring enough food to last them to the border: they are entitled to a hot meal before the last stage of their journey, and their registration cards, issued to them on arrival in the British zone, enable them to obtain ration cards when they reach their new "homes" (See *also page 197 of this issue*)

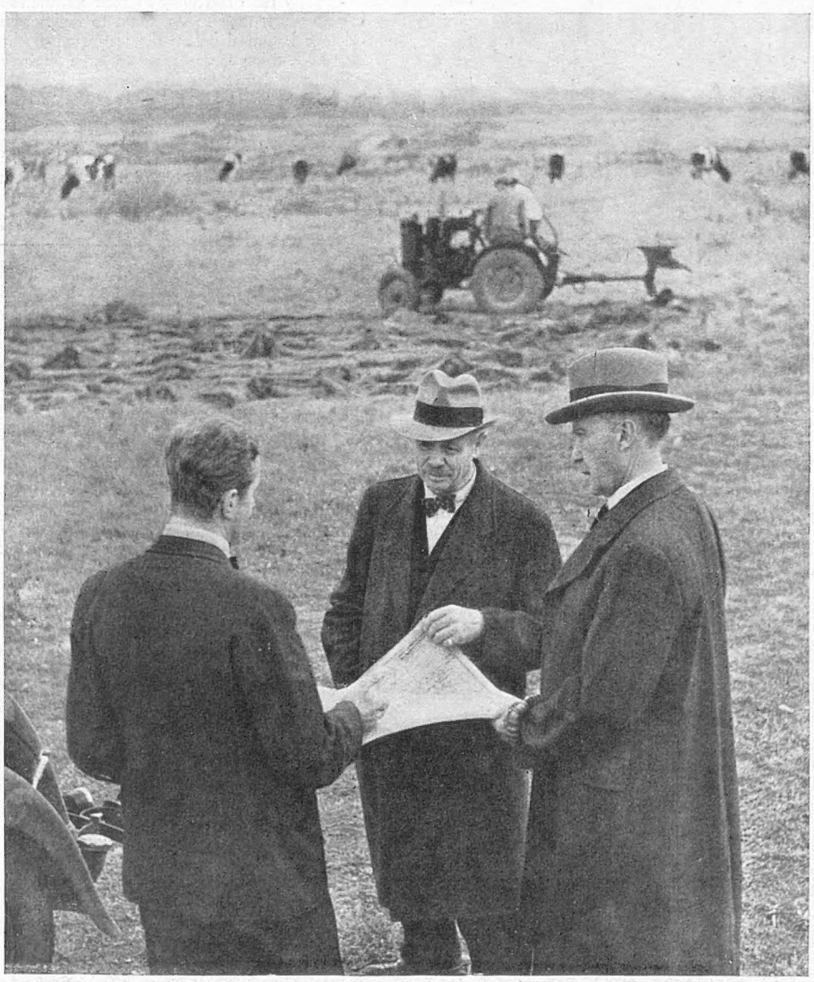
Below—**AT FRIEDLAND, THE CROWDS OF REFUGEE GERMANS LEARN THAT A TRAIN IS LEAVING FOR HANOVER from the opposite platform. They flood across the track and force their way into it, with all their remaining belongings**

GETTING THE RUHR TO WORK AGAIN

And Settling Down in Heavily-bombed Cologne

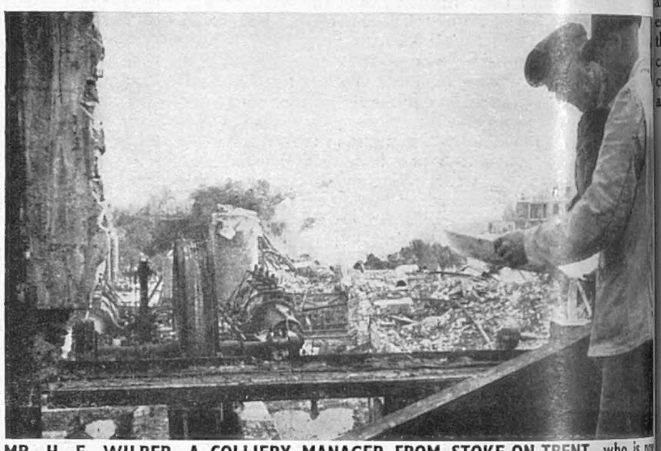
The North German Coal Control, established by the Allies and now in full operation, has the task of re-establishing the Ruhr coalfields, which were badly hit by Allied bombers over a long period during the war. Before the war, the mines in this area were capable of producing 125,000,000 tons of coal per annum. Thirty-two of the collieries were put out of action. Mines considered beyond repair have had their machinery moved to others less badly damaged; and this work has been organised and supervised by mining experts working under the orders of the Control Commission. The problem of damaged miners' houses has also to be faced. Being near the mines, these houses suffered heavily through Allied bombing, and priority has now been given for building materials in their reconstruction. Shipments of coal are on a very reduced scale owing to the breakdown of the German canal system and the many blown bridges, both road and rail.

THE WORK OF THE NORTH GERMAN COAL CONTROL, which is now trying to re-establish the ruined coalfields of the Ruhr: Here are the first-fruits of their labours—British Army lorries loaded with coal ready for transport to France, Holland and Denmark

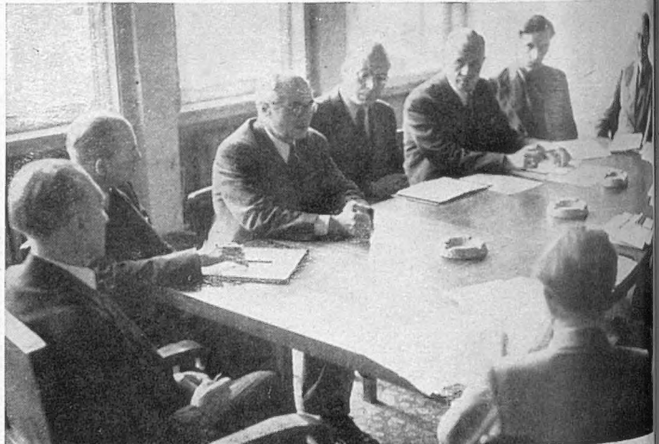


THE ANTI-NAZI OBERBURGERMEISTER WHO RUNS THE CIVIL ADMINISTRATION IN COLOGNE: Dr. Adenauer tours the "green belt" around the city, where pleasure gardens and parks are now being ploughed up to enable crops to be planted

Dr. Konrad Adenauer, Oberburgermeister of Cologne (seen on the right above), working under the orders of Military Government, has been given the difficult task of reorganising the civil administration of the city. This sixty-nine-year-old lawyer, a proved anti-Nazi, was the only person with the experience to cope with this work. He was Oberburgermeister of Cologne during the years 1917 to 1929, and was re-elected for a further twelve years. He offended the Nazis on the day they came to power by ordering the removal of all flags decorating the Hohenzollern Bridge, by which they intended to make their entry into Cologne. Fleeing from Cologne, he was later arrested at Neubalelsberg in 1934, and sentenced to be shot, but owing to the lack of proof was set free. After the attempt on Hitler's life, in July 1944, he was arrested and imprisoned in a concentration camp on the banks of the Rhine facing the Cologne Cathedral. While there he contracted an illness which endangered his life, and was released at the end of August. He was re-arrested on September 25, 1944, taken to the Brauweiler Prison, near Cologne, and questioned daily by the Gestapo. At the end of November, owing to their inability to obtain a confession from him, he was once again allowed to go free, but was threatened with re-arrest if the Allies continued to advance. When the Allies did begin to advance he went into hiding until the occupation of the city



MR. H. E. WILBER, A COLLIERY MANAGER FROM STOKE-ON-TRENT, who is now Chief Technical Assistant in the North German Coal Control, inspects the damaged ironwork of the main shaft of the Wilhelmina Victoria Mine



THE OBERBURGERMEISTER'S BI-WEEKLY CONFERENCE, at which he receives reports from the heads of various departments concerning the rehabilitation of the badly-battered city of Cologne

COLUMN OF REFUGEES—German men, women and children, expelled from the Russian Zone, on the march towards the British area near Berlin : Six hundred thousand Germans have been given notice to quit the Russian Zone of occupation in Germany. All along the "green frontier" they are pouring into the British Zone—thousands of homeless and hungry refugees, camping by the roadside and sleeping in ditches. The roads into the British Zone are jammed with them, and essential traffic may have to be diverted on account of this unexpected expulsion. This addition to the already-overburdened territory is likely to cause real starvation, and the problem has been made a subject of approaches between the Foreign Office and Moscow

A COUNTRY of SICK and HOMELESS PEOPLE—

Turned Out of the Eastern Territories by the Russians and Poles

Hopeless old people, sick and wasting children, drifting hordes of young and old who huddle round the roofless railway station, or trudge aimlessly through the streets of the cities, pushing their possessions in front of them on barrows or carrying them on their backs—these are the commonest sights in Germany to-day. Nomads of all races seem to be trekking through Berlin : Germans from Poland, Danzig and the eastern States drifting westwards into Germany pass columns of Poles, Slavs and other peoples wandering eastwards, trying to regain their own countries. The hospitals are full of those whom hunger has rendered an easy prey to disease—or those with whom starvation is the sole, and sufficient, malady. Some of the children make obvious show of the horrors of famine in their fleshless limbs, too weak to support even the few pounds their wasted bodies weigh, and in their skins attacked by the infectious diseases of malnutrition. Other children may appear at first sight to be normal, but they are listless, fall ill too easily, and take long to recover. Many in hospitals or in the streets have no idea where their families may be, or whether they are alive or dead. The railway stations are plastered with notices stuck up by those who hope to trace their friends, lost in the confusion of war.

A SCENE IN THE LEHRTER BAHNHOF, ONE OF BERLIN'S MAIN RAILWAY STATIONS : The barrow-load of somebody's worldly goods is mirrored in the pools of rain-water that have poured into the roofless station

THE RAILWAY STATIONS ARE PLASTERED WITH NOTICES put up by those who are trying to trace friends and relatives : Many tell refugees where their relatives are living

TWO OLD WOMEN REST ON AN EMPTY BARROW as they wait for a train in Berlin : There seems to be little future for such as these in Germany to-day

TREKKING ACROSS THE BORDER INTO THE BRITISH ZONE, with all their possessions on a hand-cart : One man is still wearing his Wehrmacht uniform

A BOWL OF HOT MEAT-AND-BARLEY SOUP for a German refugee baby on a station platform at 7 a.m.

A COMMON SIGHT IN THE BERLIN STREETS : Heavily-laden women, Germans cast out of the Russian Zone, carry all their belongings on their backs as they trudge on foot

b

THE TALL SHIPS

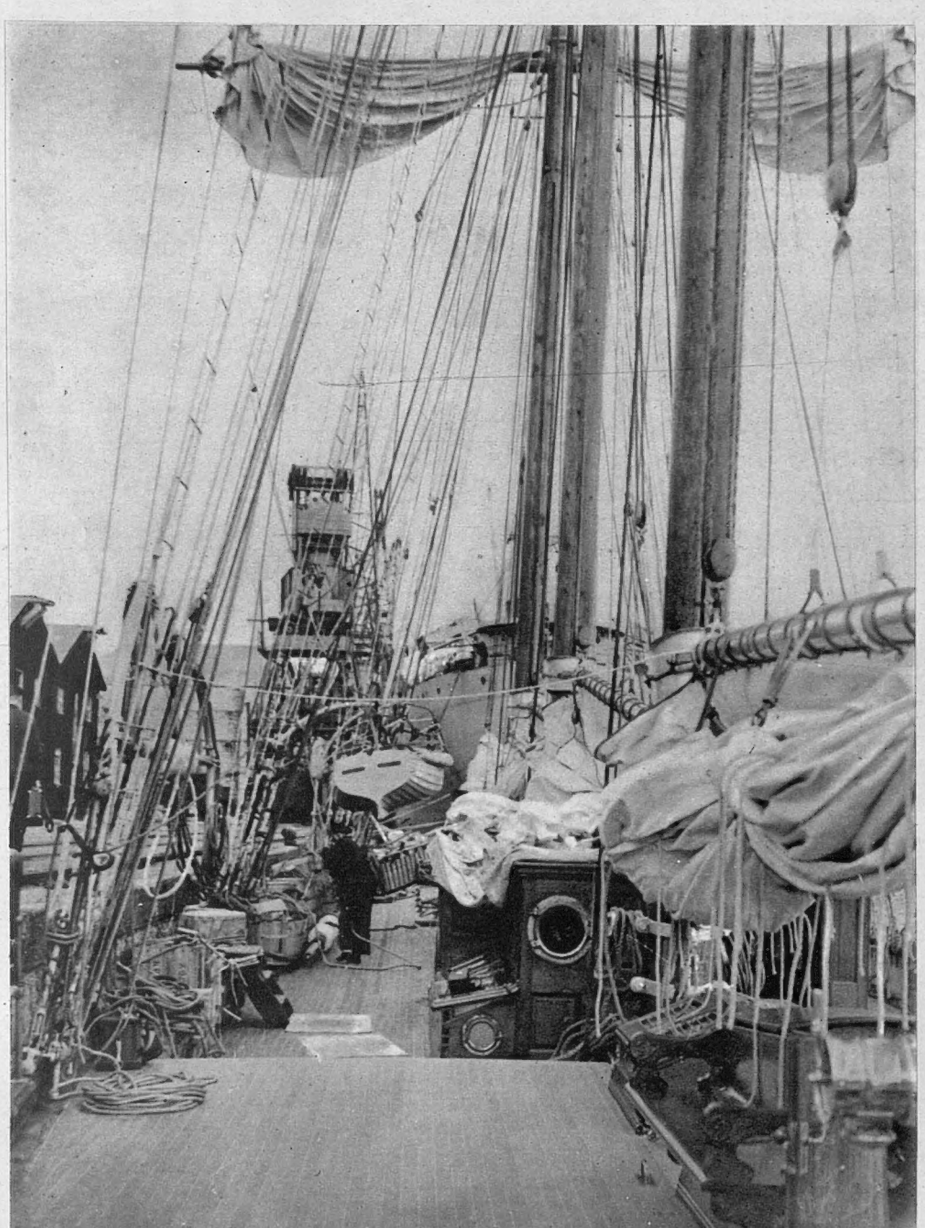
The Picturesque Sailing-Vessels Now Returning to the World's Seaways

ON BOARD THE THREE-MASTED DANISH SCHOONER "Atlantide," preparing to leave Plymouth on a ten-months scientific expedition to the coast of West Africa: Members of the crew up in the rigging

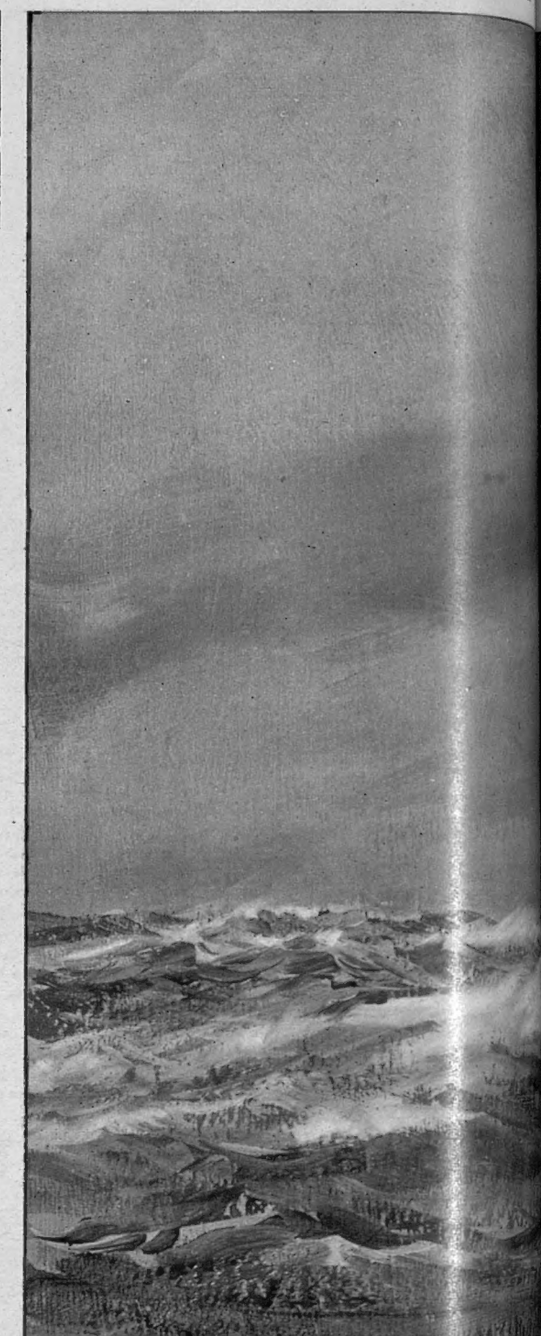
The four-masted barque *Pamir* was originally one of the fleet of sailing-ships owned and operated by Captain Erikson, the Finn who specialises in keeping the "tall ships" afloat—mainly in the Australian grain-carrying trade. When Finland joined the Nazis in the war, the *Pamir* was in a New Zealand port: her crew of Finns was replaced by New Zealanders, and her command taken over by Captain A. R. Champion, who had previously obtained his ticket in the Erikson fleet: his brother became first mate.

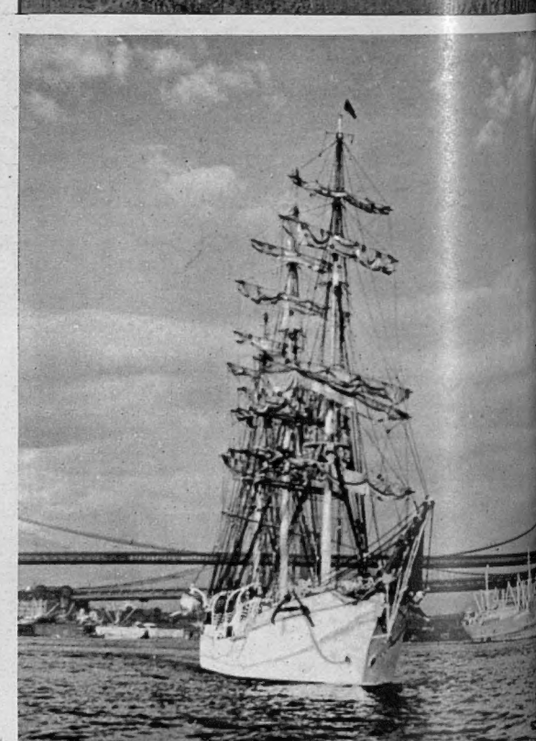
Captain and crew drive the ship hard, in the old tradition of the Cape Horners. From Vancouver to Wellington, on one of her recent trips, the *Pamir* made the passage in the smart time of fifty-nine days. In 1932, as one of the Erikson fleet, the ship was co-winner of the "grain race," taking 103 days on the voyage. So well built is she that she can still be driven in the best Horn fashion.

News has recently reached England that the *Pamir* was condemned in the New Zealand Supreme Court as a war prize on the application of the Crown. As she is now being operated as a Government ship, "canvas can be sacrificed for the sake of a good passage."



THE GLORY OF THE TALL SHIP: A view along the deck of the "Atlantide" in Plymouth Harbour, showing the maze of running-gear on board the three-masted schooner. The 279-ton *Atlantide* has left Plymouth on a scientific expedition on behalf of the Copenhagen University and the British Museum of Natural History. The leader is Dr. A. A. Bruun, of Copenhagen, who, with Dr. Francis Fraser, of the Museum, will make a general survey of marine fauna in the South Atlantic and superintend a collection of marine animals. The expedition will visit the West African ports, St. Helena and Ascension. The *Atlantide* has been placed at the disposal of the sponsors by Mr. V. H. Jarl, the Danish sculptor, who dismantled the yacht and hid her in a secluded inlet during the German occupation

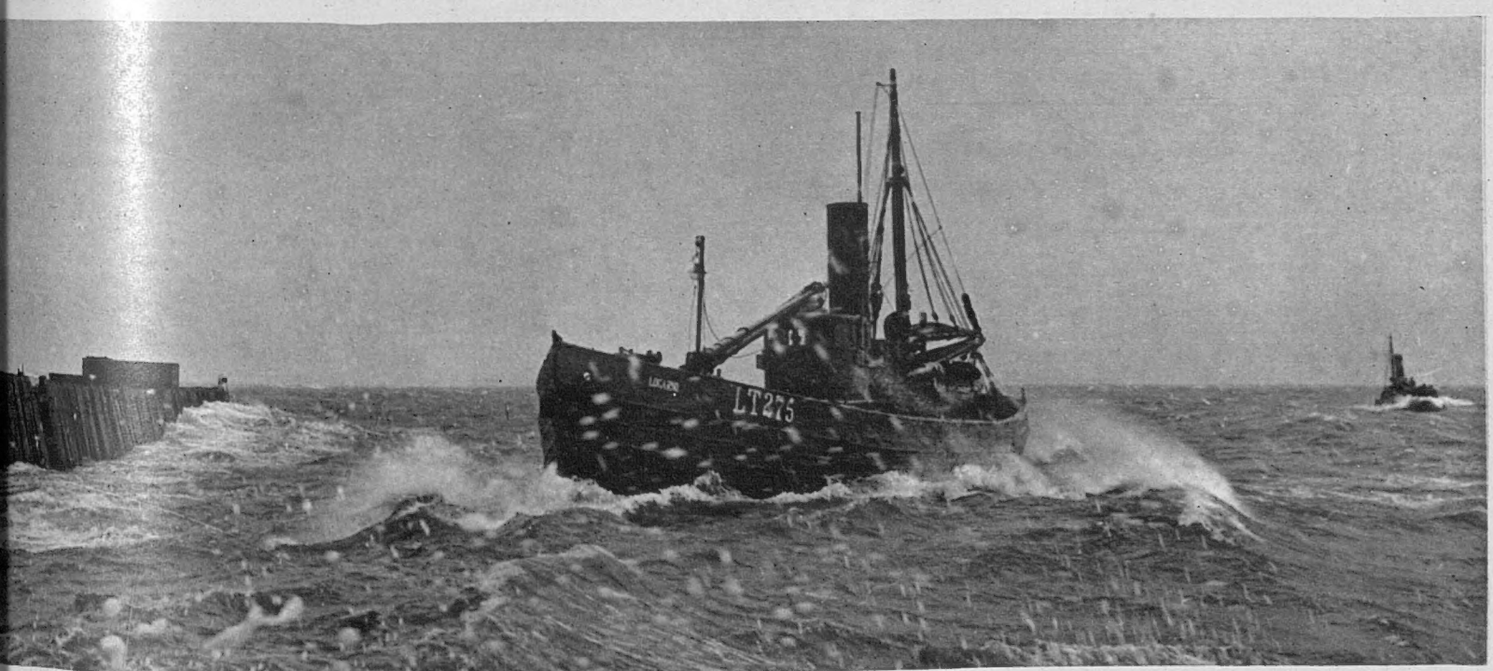




A SQUARE RIGGER AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN NEW YO

This training ship, the *Danmark*, forms a scene of picturesque beauty as moves through busy New York Harbour at the outset of her journey ho Copenhagen. The old vessel, one of the best of its kind afloat, is Du it was stranded in America at the outbreak of war and given to the Coast Guard by King Christian. Now it is to resume its former sta a training vessel for the Danish Navy

E FOUR-MASTED BARQUE "PAMIR" LOSES SEVERAL OF HER BEST SAILS IN A BLOW OFF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST: She recently arrived in Vancouver, the first real wind-jammer to reach that port in two years. Her master "drives" her in the old tradition. This fine vessel was owned by a Finnish company; she has now been condemned in New Zealand as a lawful prize of war on the application of the Crown (See note at left)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



HE EAST COAST REPORTS BIG CATCHES OF FISH OFF LOWESTOFT: The East Anglian herring fishery is now working at its peak, with trawlers and drifters bringing in large catches after the lull caused by the recent heavy gales. The Scottish herring fleet has also been fishing off Yarmouth for the first time since the outbreak of war. This picture was taken as the Lowestoft drifters came back into port, in the teeth of a heavy breeze, with their holds filled with big catches

b 2

OUR OCCUPATION MUST BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

Closer Co-operation Between the Occupying Powers, a Will to Stick to the Job, and More Practical Help from the Treasury are Needed if the Task is Not to Fail

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN I return to London I am quite sure that on hearing I have been in Germany, friends will infallibly come out with something like: "And how 's the Fräulein situation ?" This will not be attributing any Don Juanesque expertism to me, but will simply epitomise the frivolous approach that is made to the Occupation where any interest beyond the demobbing one is taken in it at all.

Yet what is going on out here in relation to the Germans—or not going on—is as important in its way as the great military actions that concluded the war in the West and held us all riveted. We threw ourselves, each in her and his manner, into those battles, and if we don't do the same in regard to what the battles have left behind, we shall just be silly fools failing to realise on all our effort and asking for a return of trouble in the future.

You have been told a lot about how this is going to be a critical winter for the Germans. It is now time to add that it is going to be a critical winter, also, for our Occupation, which at present shows signs of drifting, even of seemingly differing opinions at quite high levels as to aim and scope.

Thus the following remark is attributed to F.-M. Montgomery: "I 'd like to seal our zone off and keep the British Army in Germany as long as I can—at Germany's expense." Yet, almost at the same time, an exceptionally high authority observed that we must do everything in our power to make the four-way partnership a success and that this is the ultimate objective in our being here.

I mention this contradiction not because it is likely to lead to any clashing, but as symptomatic of the general atmosphere of uncertainty and of shifting sands which permeates the British Zone after six months of the Germans. Wherever you go in the surprisingly big Zone—where a division will be strung out over 150 miles, and a corps will stretch almost from the Ruhr to Hamburg—wherever you go, the talk is of getting out and away. Only on rare occasions does one meet someone still keen to stick on and really finish the job, and it is an eloquent commentary on the "liquid" position that the Commander-in-Chief is touring this northern area explaining to his officers why he must keep them yet awhile.

I should hazard as the main reason that the true business of occupying Germany hasn't yet got seriously under way owing to the legacies which Hitler deliberately designed to leave across our path in the event of his exit. These legacies have taken up most of B.A.O.R.'s time and energy to date. No sooner had 1,500,000 displaced persons been returned to their own countries (leaving 600,000 still in our Zone, mostly Poles), than the Russians started pumping over refugees and Wehrmacht by scores of thousands; while all the time various "Operations" went on apace, such as "Barleycorn," to get farm produce, and "Coal-scuttle," to get fuel. I moved among the newly-returned Wehrmacht at Staaten Camp, outside Berlin, and a more dreadful sight I do not recall. What the Russians think they are doing in forwarding us men in such a terrible condition, I know not. Here were the very ultimate dregs of the once-proud army that goose-stepped through the capitals of Europe, and they mostly half-dragged their feet along; now bloodless, now skeletonised, and all in rags and stinking to high heaven.

Well, 300,000 are promised us in that line—the Unusables, I call them, as distinct from the 2,500,000 others which the Russians propose to keep indefinitely at work in the U.S.S.R.—and a very much larger number of civilian refugees from the east are coming over too.

Meanwhile, there hovers over all the "Battle of Winter" against exposure, epidemics and starvation, which F.-M. Montgomery says he intends to wage paramountly, and concerning which the prophets bid us harken to the beating of innumerable wings, whole armies of angels as they approach, bearing death. "Operation Winter" implies vast arrangements for minimum warmth and roofage, communal feeding, and medical floor-space in bombed-out urban areas; nor is the prospect brightened by the Germans' patent failure to help themselves, an inertia that interests me more every day.

(Does nothing more lie behind it than chronic inability to act for themselves, due to a dozen years of the Nazis thinking and acting for them ? Rather may not the explanation lie in that foregoing high authority's studied declaration that we must make them help themselves, and that if we are ourselves obliged to administer Germany directly, then we shall fail of our objective and leave chaos when we depart ? Don't the Germans want us to give them up as a bad job early on, and isn't their non-co-operation a means to that end ?)

How can an army be expected to get on with what it has to establish if its efforts are constantly being absorbed in pursuit of "targets" that are in reality extraneous to the Occupation ? The quadruple task ahead is seen clearly enough, and perhaps it is worth repeating, seeing that our newspapers prefer to find space for murders and aberrations.

(1) Disarming and demilitarising Germany.
(2) Eradicating Nazism.
(3) Making the Germans realise their guilt.
(4) Preparing Germany for re-entry into international life.

The first has been entirely transformed by the Atom-bomb; so much so, that there is something of a search for prehistoric arms in much that currently goes on. The second is terribly difficult; one feels invisibly around a host of young people, particularly female, longing for the day when they may assert themselves afresh in memory of their Führer. Next the only German to admit guilt to me has been a P.O.W. driver I sometimes take, and he is careful to say that it is Nazi guilt, not his. All he wants is to eat specific dishes with his family again in his old Silesian home, about which he fills me in dialect. As for objective the fourth, the official view holds that the one hope of preparing Germans to take their places along with the rest of us is by a combination of sternness, fairness, re-training of the mind, and removal of inertia.

The incorrectly-named B.A.O.R. (seeing that it extends hundreds of miles beyond the Rhine) would have its work cut out achieving the above objectives if events were moving in harmony in adjacent zones. But when the facts are that one ally goes his own sweet way, merely announcing things after the event, and that the stupid early burial of Shaef is conducing to an analogous situation with the Americans; when we are in a quandary as to what to do about this zonal business, our Occupation stands in danger, quite frankly, of going on the rocks next year.

The choice to be made is a most difficult one: whether to continue soft-pedalling in hope of agreeing on a common policy for all Germany, or whether to go ahead vigorously in our own way in our own zone (as the others are doing in theirs), even to refusing to send to Russia plant vital to immediate German sustaining, yet which, strangely enough, is particularly demanded!

The Government in London has a poser, and to goad lightly is out of place. But over another matter, equally important, *j'accuse*. The charge is one of cheeseparing in Whitehall and thereby endangering the whole future of the Occupation. If wars may be won on playing-fields, they can be lost in the bleak corridors of the Treasury. How the great British People puts up with some of the inane "saving" perpetrated by the Treasury beats this subject at least. The Treasury will shovel cash for the superfluous production, say, of a £2,000 torpedo; but ask a like sum as yearly reward for the right man in Germany, and the answer is citrous.

Just now the B.A.O.R. is in full process of handing over to Civil Control. As administrators, the military are fading out and Civil Government is being shaded in, ultimately (we hope) to merge into a mere few hundred officials supervising from on top 20,000,000 Germans running their own affairs. Clearly, then, everything must depend on the ability and keenness of our Civil Government.

For less than half the cost of one day of war, the British Occupation could be suitably staffed for a whole year. But the sacred Treasury digs in its toes and its seniors (on paper) intone "So be it." Is it surprising that the recruits attracted are not of the right quality when people approached in first instance cannot accept because of the cheeseparing terms and absence of any chance to make a career ? What is needed is the immediate rearing of the equivalent of a first-class Civil Service, such as we produced at Geneva, and well know how to assemble when it is a matter of administering natives on the Niger.

Instead, quite a few time-servers and good-time boys are staying on with only fragmentary knowledge alike of German and of the people they propose to administer. One does not suggest that the 600 German anti-Nazis chiefly concentrated in North-West London should be transferred here *en bloc*, as Mr. Pollitt asks. The less racial and ideological feelings introduced into this Germany, the better. But there happen to be others on the spot, ready to go into Civil Government, and well qualified, as this extract of a letter shows:

"In Field Security in this theatre there are dozens of us, sergeants and corporals who speak German well and who are, through academic, commercial, or social approach conversant with Germans, their political, social and temperamental problems. Work in this campaign has increased our knowledge of these questions. Some of us would be prepared to carry on. But unless our military, social and remunerative status is to be raised at least to equal that of the gentlemen criticised, our ambitions will not rise above wanting to go back home as soon as we can."

Not only the public, but the Government, would do well to take our Occupation more seriously. The grotesque Treasury dictatorship must be scotched if the requisite first-rate Civil Service is to be set up—eventually at Hamburg, with a Cabinet Minister established on the Elbe and permanently able to take up matters with London, in London.

THE RAGGED MEN THE RUSSIANS DON'T WANT: They once formed part of the all-conquering Wehrmacht; now they have been sent back from captivity because of their physical condition. These are the men of whom Mr. Tuohy says in the accompanying article that they are "the very ultimate dregs of the once-proud army that goose-stepped through the capitals of Europe." Now they are "bloodless, skeletonised, and all in rags and stinking to high heaven"

FRAU HESS, THE MAID OF ALL WORK: The wife of Rudolf Hess, once Number 2 Nazi, is now maid of all work in her little apartment at Bad Obersdorf, where she is living with her son, Wolf, aged seven. Frau Hess is expected to visit her husband at Nuremberg Jail, where he is being held for the War Criminals Trials due to commence shortly. Here she is tidying her crowded bookshelf as part of the everyday household tasks she undertakes for herself

THE CAPITAL CITY OF KOREA IS SEOUL: In the city, and up to the 38th Parallel, the Americans are in occupation. Beyond the 38th Parallel, however, the Russians hold the city's Light and Power Stations, and thus control conditions in Seoul itself. Throughout Korea the situation is very difficult, owing to the never-ceasing agitation of the native Communists—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The SITUATION in KOREA

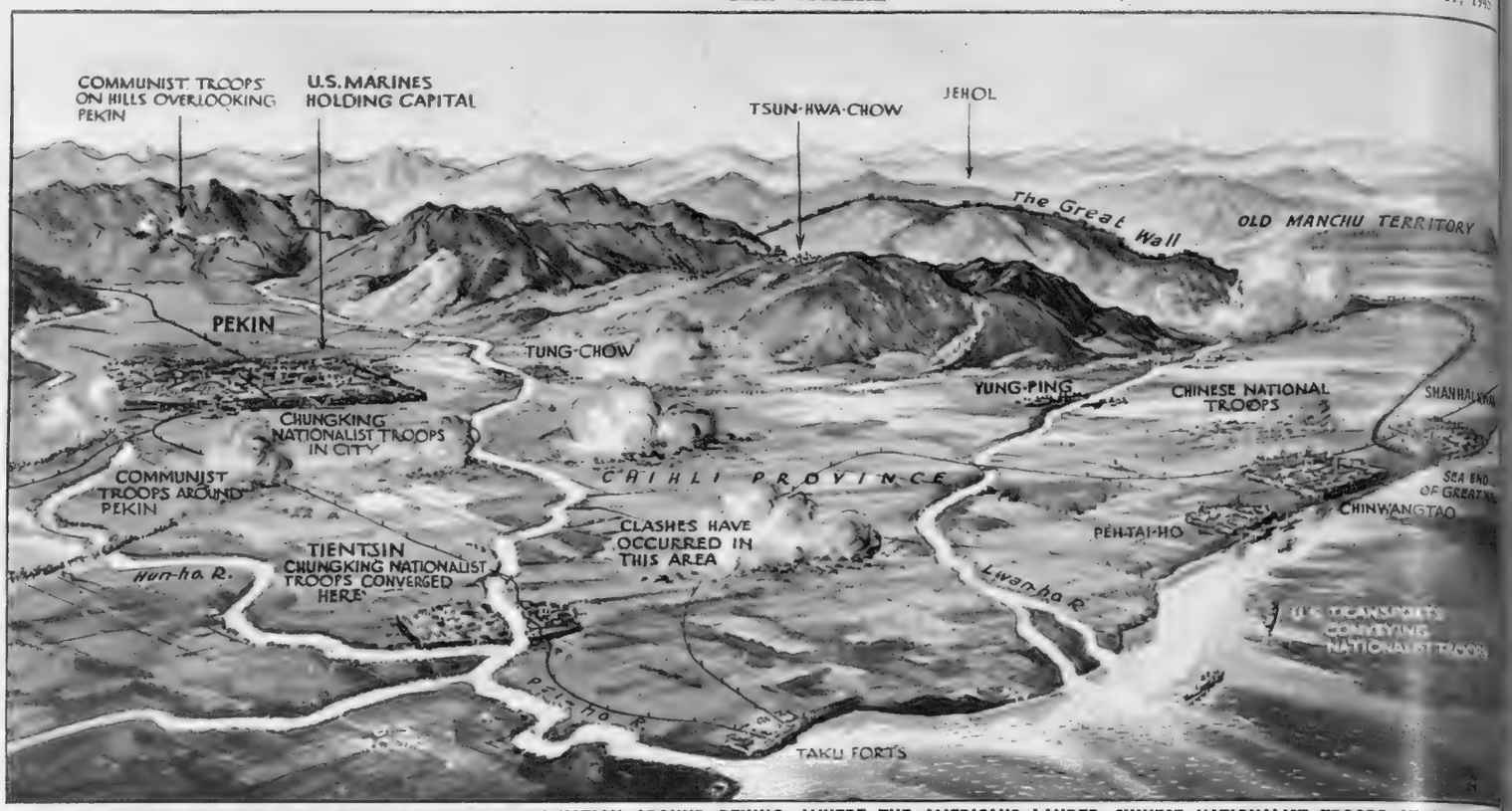
Where the Russians and Americans are Both in Possession

—Two Special Sphere Drawings

A very serious situation has arisen in Korea. The northern and richest section of the peninsula is now occupied by the Russians, who originally swept down through Northern Manchuria and along the seaboard of Eastern Korea. The southern portion of Korea is held by the Americans, who recently landed at Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, and extended their military authority over the countryside, taking over from the surrendered Japanese. The Russian forces formed a line along the 38th Parallel, which runs a few miles north of Seoul. The curious situation has now arisen that while the Americans hold the capital city, the U.S.S.R. hold the electrical works which supply Seoul with light and heat. The Russians have closed their zone in the usual fashion, and no reply has been made by them to requests from the Americans for coal to run vital services in the city. In the above view Seoul is seen occupying the middle distance, with the Russian-controlled hills beyond. The view is taken from the rocky heights to the south of the city

THE STRAINED SITUATION IN SEOUL, CAPITAL OF KOREA, WHERE LIFE IS A MIXTURE OF THE OLD AND NEW: The new buildings are in the Japanese style. The inhabitants present surprising contrasts in dress. At the moment the city is in the hands of the Americans, with the Russians in occupation of all the territory which lies to the north of the 38th Parallel—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When the American forces landed in Central Korea it was not expected that their task of taking over from the surrendered Japanese would be confined to the southern section of the peninsula. Seoul, the capital, was duly occupied without trouble. It was discovered a short time later that any action towards the north of the city was met by a Russian screen which stretched from east to west along the 38th Parallel of latitude. No one was allowed to move into this northern area, and the city of Seoul found itself isolated from the richer industrial north. The southern half of Korea is agricultural. Trouble also began to develop in Seoul itself: local agitators, inspired from some hidden sources, began to cause trouble. In the meantime, an exiled Korean Government appears to be about to take up office in the capital. The city, as shown by our artist, has been much modernised by the Japanese; their own modern architectural styles appear on the streets. One sees old Korean touches, however, in the dress of passers-by, mingled with the more modern Western styles



THE SITUATION AROUND PEKING, WHERE THE AMERICANS LANDED CHINESE NATIONALIST TROOPS AT CHINWANGTAO near the seaward end of the Great Wall: This was done to assist Chungking against the rapid movements of the Yenan Communist forces. Other places at which fighting has taken place are also indicated—*Drawing by E. G. Lowe*

The Communist forces, having their headquarters in Shensi, were in a position to operate in the northern area of China independently of Chungking. When the present period of strain arose, it found them thrusting forward towards Peking city, and to strategic points along the Great Wall of China proper. In order to facilitate the restoration of Chinese government, U.S. transports landed Government troops at Chinwangtao, near Shanhai-Kwan, where the wall actually reaches the sea. Tientsin and Peking, guarded by U.S. troops and police against Japanese, were reinforced with Chungking troops conveyed to these important cities by air. Outside in the country, Communist troops were moving, and clashes between Government and Yenan forces took place at a number of points

CIVIL WAR IN CHINA?

The Clashes Between the Nationalist and Communist Troops in the Northern Provinces

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

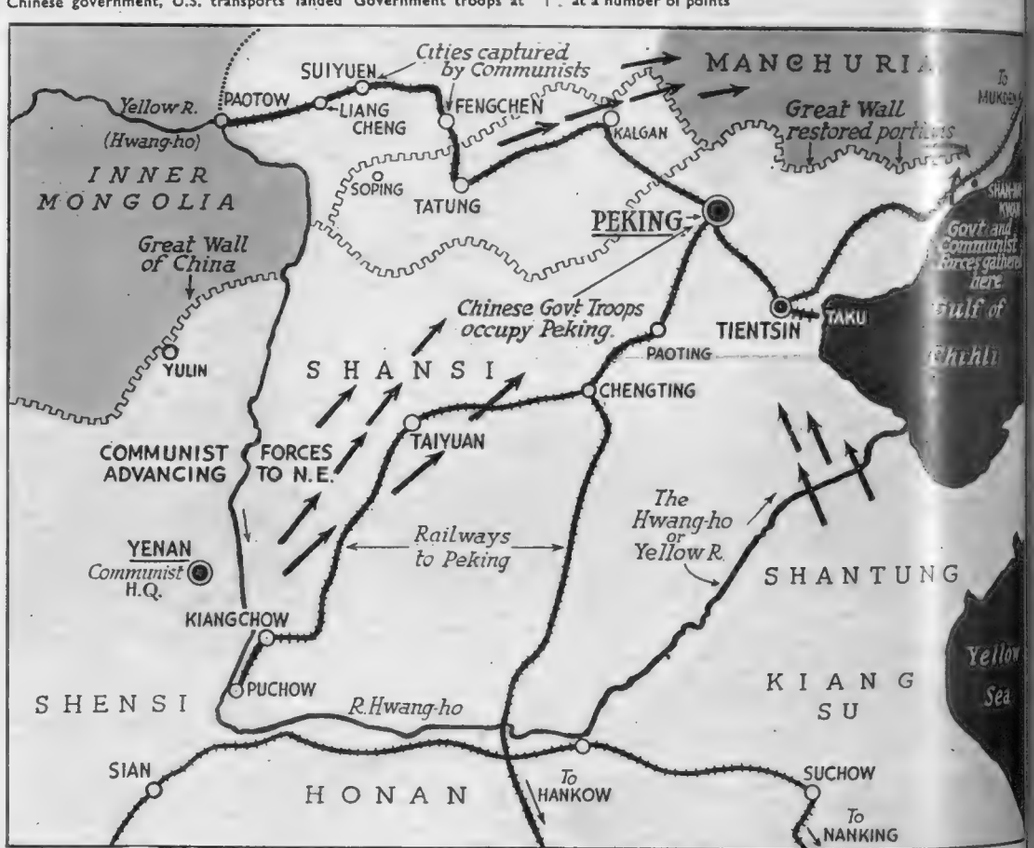
Though conversations have been continuing at Chungking between the Government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Yenan Communists, there has been imminent danger of a state of civil war developing in many parts of China. Particularly in the provinces of Shantung, Shansi and Suiyan open warfare broke out at the end of October.

The Communist forces held an area south and west of Peking stretching down to Shantung; and the fighting in Shansi was severe enough to cause 15,000 casualties. The Communists swarmed north-eastwards by way of the city of Tai-Yuan in the direction of Peking.

American naval and military planes were busily employed in carrying Chiang's troops to Peking and Tientsin; they brought in the Chinese Thirteenth Army, said to be the best equipped of the Chungking (or Nationalist) Armies. Peking at this time was still being policed by the Japanese, who were waiting to surrender to Chiang's Generals. The position of the few Allied civil officials in Peking, and the general military situation, was materially strengthened by the arrival in that city of 50,000 American Marines.

Well-authenticated accounts stated that Communist troops were massing in the south of Manchuria, where they have been co-operating with the Russians. This appears strange, because the U.S.S.R. had so firmly taken a stand with Chiang's Government in the Treaty which was signed in August last. Under that Treaty, the Russian forces were to withdraw from Manchuria three months after the surrender of Japan, and the two main ports of Dairen and Port Arthur were to be held under the united control of Russia and China. Up to the present, however, no Chinese troops have been allowed to land at these ports, and Russia has appeared to be maintaining a full hold on Manchuria.

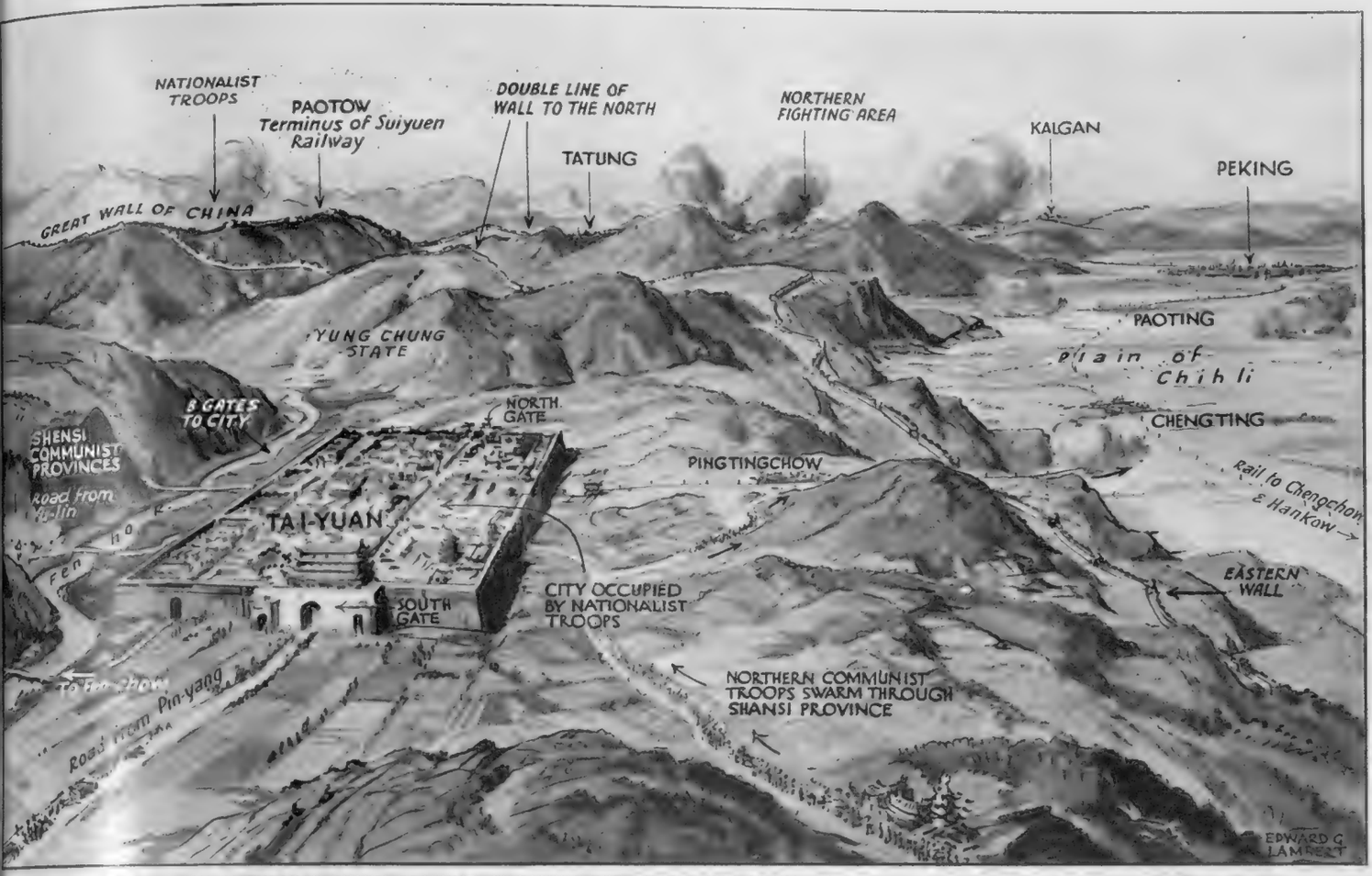
Chinese troops were hurried in American ships to Chinwangtao (north of Tientsin) in an effort to drive out the Communist troops from Southern Manchuria. They advanced rapidly inland, finding the Yenan (or Communist) forces holding the railways; but no attack was made on them, and Chiang's men reached the Great Wall without incident.



WHERE THE COMMUNIST FORCES HAVE BEEN FIGHTING TOWARDS AND BEYOND PEKING: The arrows indicate the principal movements of the Chinese Red Armies controlled from Yenan, Communist Headquarters in Shensi. It has been stated that there are 100,000 men in the Red Armies and they are equipped with tanks, guns and much other modern material of war

***On left*—THE U.S. MARINES OCCUPY TIENTSIN: Thousands of overjoyed Chinese turned out to greet the first Marine Division when it occupied the great Chinese city on October 1. For most of the inhabitants it meant the end of eight long years of Japanese occupation**

THE LEADER OF THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS, Mao Tze-Tung, Chairman of the Yenan Party, and his wife, Lan Ping, a former film actress in Shanghai



THE COMMUNIST FORCES SWARM THROUGH SHANSI PROVINCE, BY-PASSING THE CAPITAL CITY OF TAI-YUAN AND PRESSING TOWARDS THE PLAIN OF CHIHLI TO THE SOUTH OF PEKING : The Great Wall of China runs along the mountains between the two great cities—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The main movements of the Communist troops have been towards Peking from the south and south-west, combined with a movement north-east in the direction of the Northern Peking Railway to Suiyuen. The Communist troops by-passed the big city of Tai-Yuan, the capital of Shansi, as that had been occupied by Government Chinese troops a short time before the present outbreak of civil strife. In the above view, the walled city is shown above the Plain of Chihli into which the Yenan troops advanced. The city has been protected in the past by the loops of the Great Wall to the north, forming two lines of defence there, and also by the return wall running due southward, and thus forming an easterly breakwater against the tide of invasion.

The city itself lies on high ground : its site is so chosen that it can protect the fertile plain southward, once apparently a lake and now supporting a large population. It was under the Sing Dynasty about 450 A.D. that a settlement was first heard of, but it was vastly augmented in 1377, shortly after the expulsion of the Mongols, when Marquis Hsiao built a wall 24 li in circumference and 35 ft. high, with a brick moat 30 ft. deep. Of its eight gates, four bore the names of Military Prowess, Welcome to Spring, Welcome to Rains, and Check on the Regions Afar. But the later Ming Emperors forgot the city's military importance and allowed the fortifications to fall into considerable decay

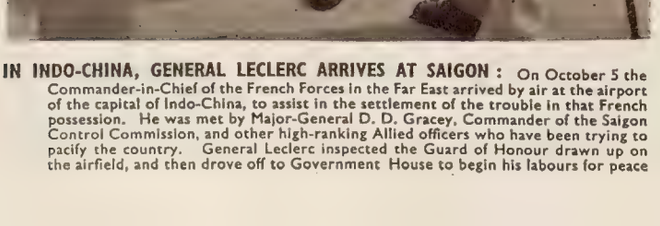
THE CIVIL STRIFE IN NORTH CHINA : Peking, the great city which controls the whole of Northern China (and former capital of the Empire), has now been regarrisoned by Government troops sent in by Chungking. They were taken to Peking in American carrier-aircraft and then conveyed into the city by lorries. Here is the scene as the hordes of Chinese soldiers entered by way of the city's main South Gate, through the picturesque wooden pailow—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

A LEAFLET-DROPPING OPERATION BY R.A.F. THUNDERBOLTS OVER SOURABAYA, IN JAVA, is opposed by Indonesians, who retorted by firing on the unarmed aircraft. Later, the planes engaged in more vigorous action against the rebels, which appeared to have had a greater success—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

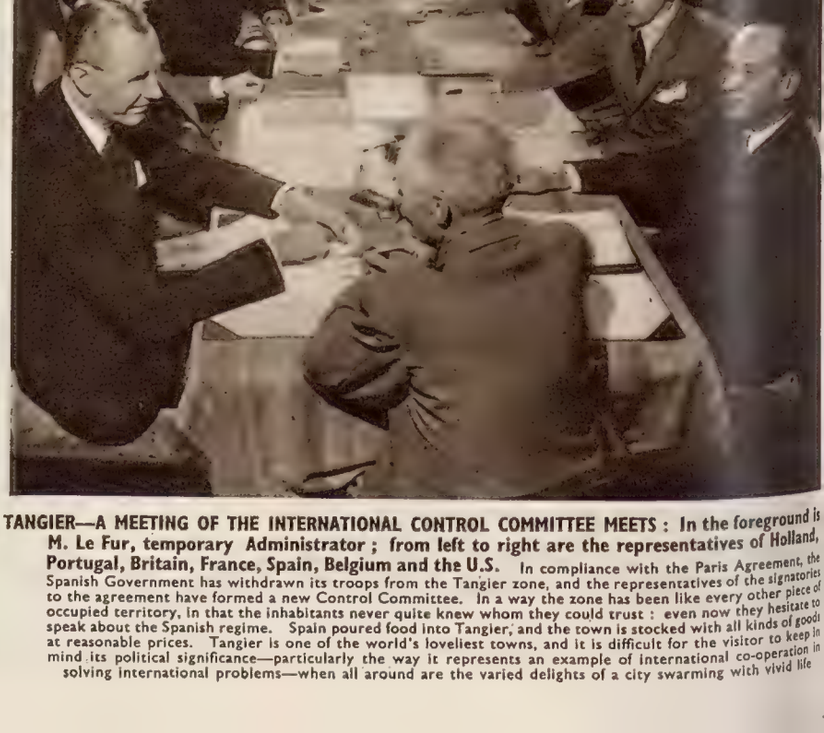
The first efforts of the R.A.F. to aid in the pacification of Java took the form of demonstrations and leaflet-dropping. Flights of Thunderbolts which undertook this work met with armed resistance, to which the unarmed planes were unable to reply. The planes found that they were being seriously peppered by machine-gun and other fire from Japanese weapons in the hands of the insurgents. Subsequently, the Thunderbolts took on more serious work, which proved more salutary than the recent "appeals" to the Indonesians. They went into action against the "Indonesian Army" at Magelang in support of Gurkhas on the ground, who found themselves up against strong forces. "The Thunderbolts' salutary lesson appeared to have a greater effect than the recent appeals of Dr. Soekarno, the Indonesian Nationalist leader," states one report. It is not unlikely that air power will prove a factor in settling the Java problem

From JAVA, SAIGON and TANGIER

Three Troubled Centres of the Post-War World



IN INDO-CHINA, GENERAL LECLERC ARRIVES AT SAIGON: On October 5 the Commander-in-Chief of the French Forces in the Far East arrived by air at the airport of the capital of Indo-China, to assist in the settlement of the trouble in that French possession. He was met by Major-General D. D. Gracey, Commander of the Saigon Control Commission, and other high-ranking Allied officers who have been trying to pacify the country. General Leclerc inspected the Guard of Honour drawn up on the airfield, and then drove off to Government House to begin his labours for peace



TANGIER—A MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONTROL COMMITTEE MEETS: In the foreground is M. Le Fur, temporary Administrator; from left to right are the representatives of Holland, Portugal, Britain, France, Spain, Belgium and the U.S. In compliance with the Paris Agreement, the Spanish Government has withdrawn its troops from the Tangier zone, and the representatives of the signatories to the agreement have formed a new Control Committee. In a way the zone has been like every other piece of occupied territory, in that the inhabitants never quite knew whom they could trust: even now they hesitate to speak about the Spanish regime. Spain poured food into Tangier, and the town is stocked with all kinds of goods at reasonable prices. Tangier is one of the world's loveliest towns, and it is difficult for the visitor to keep in mind its political significance—particularly the way it represents an example of international co-operation in solving international problems—when all around are the varied delights of a city swarming with vivid life

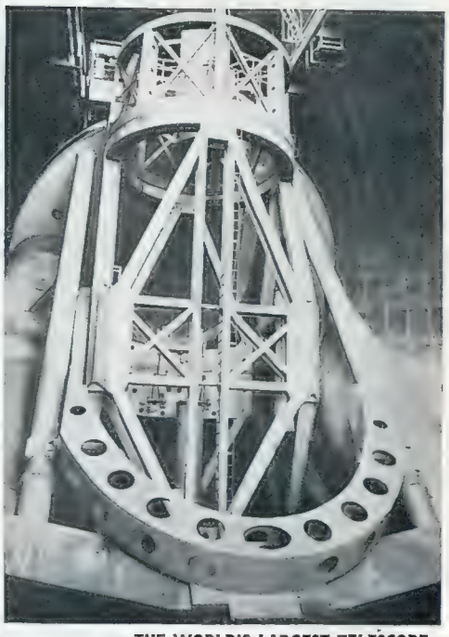
THE AEROPLANES OF THE FUTURE : THESE ARE THE LATEST TYPES TO BE DEVELOPED BY THE AMERICAN NAVY. They are all of the pilotless type

In the topmost section is shown the "Glomb," or glider bomb : it carries a bomb weighing 4,000 lbs. and can be towed by a fighter aircraft. When released by the latter, the "glomb" is directed to its target by radio control and television. The centre picture shows the "Gargoyle"—a jet-propelled, armour-piercing bomb weighing 1,000 lbs. which is capable of speeds over 600 miles an hour as it automatically seeks its target. The picture at the bottom shows the "Gorgon," which is rocket-powered and can be carried in a bomber. This weapon can either be controlled by radio or sent to the target by its own automatic target-seeking device

THREE NEW AIRCRAFT TYPES

And Other Scientific Subjects

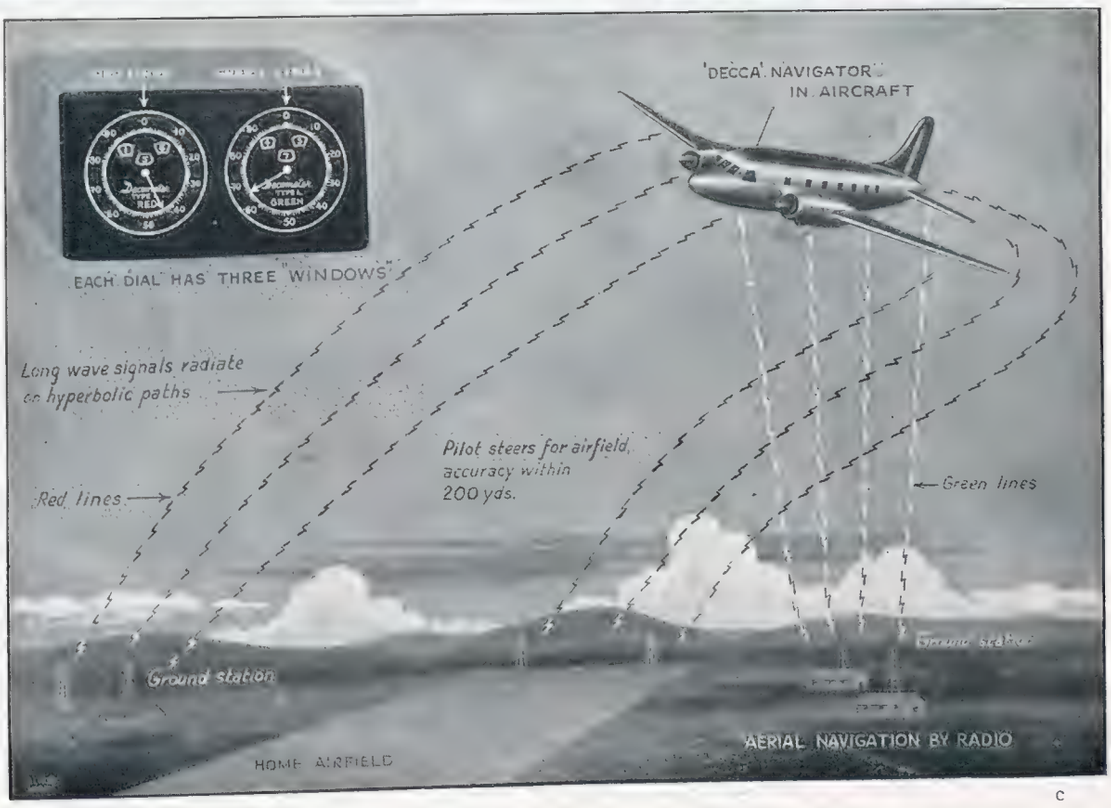
The construction of the world's largest telescope—the 200-in. instrument on the top of the Observatory at Mount Palomar, near Pasadena, in California—is being resumed after the suspension of the work at the outbreak of war. It was designed and planned jointly by the Carnegie Institution of Washington and the California Institute. When completed, in a year or two, it may be possible to see as far as a billion light-years. The mechanical parts are now almost complete. The 200-in. glass disc for the mirror was poured as far back as December 2, 1934, at Corning, in New York State, and taken to the California Institute of Technology, where the long job of grinding it was undertaken



THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE : A view of some of the massive mechanism of the instrument at Mount Palomar, in California. In the centre of the bottom portion is the tube through which light from the stars will pass to a 200-in. mirror : this will reflect the light to a camera to be placed within the same tube

***On left*—A view through the hole in the centre of a concrete disc,** now being used to counterbalance the telescope while the mechanism is being tested. The disc weighs 20 tons, and is of the same weight and size as the 200-in. mirror which will be fitted later

***On right*—A VIEW OF THE SMOOTH-DOMED OBSERVATORY AT MOUNT PALOMAR, near Pasadena, where work is being resumed on the world's largest telescope**



***On right*—A SOLUTION OF NAVIGATIONAL PROBLEMS IN THE AIR : A diagrammatic impression of the working of the Decca Navigator, or Admiralty Outfit Q.M.**

—Drawing by Alfred Morris

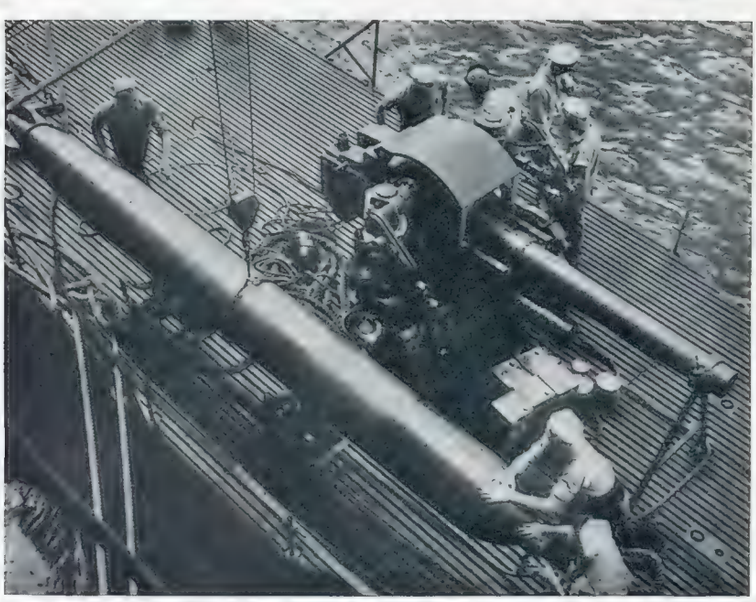
During the war a new apparatus for controlling the navigation of both planes and ships was put into use. This, the Decca Navigator, is radio operated ; it is not an offshoot of Radar. It has now been taken off the secret list. Low-frequency waves are projected from land stations, making a fixed radio pattern in the sky. The waves give the necessary "red and green" impulses, which are caught and recorded on the two dials which face the pilot. Each dial has three little "windows" from which scale readings can be made. The "red" and "green" lines of the Decca Navigator correspond with lines overprinted on the required maps : the pilot can thus locate his position and make for "home" with very little margin of error. The same system is used to navigate ships at sea

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DEPTH-CHARGE—a secret which was closely guarded during the war and which has only just been revealed : The two pictures reproduced here show the "Hedgehog," closely-guarded naval secret. It is a battery of depth-charge projectors differing radically from former devices of a similar character, in that it is mounted on the bow of the ship and throws its charges forward. The depth-bombs are propelled by cartridge charges, and the projector can be "aimed" in order to bracket a fleeing submarine. The "Hedgehog" was used against the Nazi submarine "wolf packs"

HOW THE DEPTH-CHARGES WERE MOUNTED IN THE BOW OF THE SHIP so that they could be thrown forward, instead of over the stern. This device was used to beat the German submarine "wolf packs" in the Atlantic

MORE SECRET DEVICES and WARTIME INVENTIONS

Below—Underwater photography—a hush-hush project during the war—has been so perfected that photographs can now be taken in depths of many feet. This is achieved by means of the sub-surface "glider" shown in the photograph below : it is here moving through the water at a depth of 23 ft. and at a speed of about 3 knots, enabling the observer within to survey the bottom of a channel for mines and other hazards. The glider is towed by a surface craft and controlled by means of fins, from inside. Underwater cameras, lowered independently from the towing ship, also operate in conjunction with the glider. Photographs taken by this means allow mine-disposal observers to study the situation on the sea bottom



THE NEW-TYPE ELECTRIC TORPEDO, WHICH LEAVES NO WAKE BEHIND IT : It is over 20 ft. long and weighs about a ton and a half. It is here being lowered into a submarine at an advanced base in the Pacific

THE TIN FISH GOES INTO ITS STORAGE CHAMBER BELOW, by means of a special hatch in the submarine's deck : These electrically-driven weapons, a carefully-guarded secret during the war years, are now known to have accounted for over 1,000,000 tons of enemy shipping during the war. The torpedoes are driven by electric motors powered by specially-designed lead-acid-type storage batteries, and are gyroscope-controlled. Leaving no tell-tale wake behind them, as the conventional steam-turbine-driven torpedoes do, the electric torpedoes found their marks on the enemy in broad daylight, yet never disclosed the source from which they were fired. Each weighs about a ton and a half

HOW THE AMERICAN NAVY DEVELOPED UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY : The sub-surface "glider" from which the pictures are taken. It is valuable for surveying the bottom of the sea where mines are suspected *(See note above)*

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CANNON : This monster was built at Pittsburgh by the Mesta Machine Company. It fires shells 36 ins. in diameter and weighing 2 tons. It came too late to help in smashing the Nazis and the Japs, however, and has never yet been fired in anger. It was known as a "Little David," and was developed in less than four months by Mr. Lorenz Iverson, President of the Company, at the plant at West Homestead

★

GIANT ENEMY SHELLS DISCOVERED NEAR HAMBURG : These outsize German shells were discovered in an enemy ammunition depot at Molln, near Hamburg. There are six of them in all, and they were packed in crates on railway trucks, ready to be transported. The gun used for firing them is believed to be in the Russian sector. The projectiles weigh approximately 6 tons each, are 12 ft. long and 42 ins. across at the base. The cartridge-cases are separate units made of brass. The Germans have always been interested in "Kolossal" weapons—and these shells are quite in the German tradition

THE EXPERIMENTAL MODEL OF THE V.T. FUSE, the nosecap of the shell that beat the flying bomb : Here is a picture of the model V.T. fuse developed (from a British invention) at the University of Florida under a secret contract. Its distinguishing feature is its small size, made possible because it carries its own wind-generating plant instead of a battery, as previously used. Wind is forced through a hole in front as the shell speeds through the air, driving a turbine within : the exhausts are the small holes seen in this picture. The handle-like ring in front is the antennæ for the complete radio sending and receiving set, which explodes the shell a given number of feet before the target

MOTORS NOW COME BY THE CAN ! A new idea in packing from the United States : The top of a steel container for engines is here being lowered to its shock-absorber-equipped lower part at the works of the Warren City Manufacturing Company, a subsidiary of Graham-Paige Motors. These containers, designed for aircraft-engine shipment, are 8 ft. tall and 5 ft. in diameter. Welded airtight, they permit the immediate use of engines on arrival, without overhauling. After the new motor has been removed, the cans may be used to send back damaged motors for repairs or rebuilding

BRITISH PONTOON BRIDGES ACROSS ITALIAN RIVERS : The Allied Military Authorities in Italy are using pontoons where the original bridges have been destroyed during the war, in an attempt to re-establish the network of communications between different regions. Many of these bridges are able to carry as much traffic as before. This picture shows trucks and private cars crossing a bridge over a stretch of river near Milan

THE MORNING AFTER THE BOMB FELL ON ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON APRIL 17, 1941—the damage to the North Transept, showing the great hole in the floor through which the bomb passed into the crypt below the main building

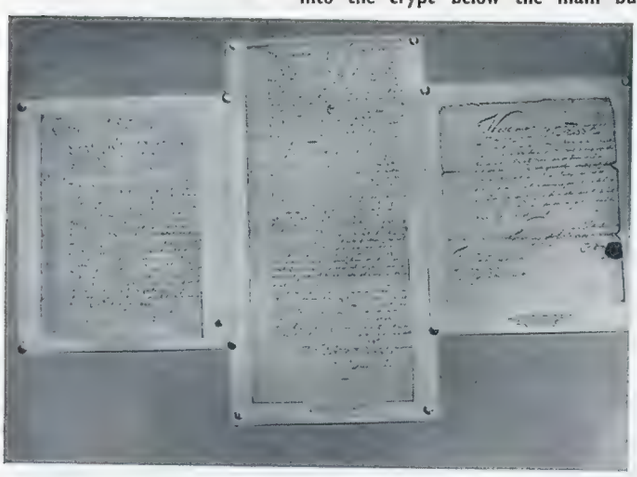
THE HOLE IN THE ROOF OF THE NORTH TRANSEPT: This was the worst damage suffered by the Cathedral during the great German blitz on London

REPAIRS TO LONDON'S FINEST EDIFICE —ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

With Stone from the Same Quarry as That Used by Wren

During the German air attacks on London, St. Paul's Cathedral was damaged by bombs. Not irrevocably damaged—but badly enough. Now the most famous building in London is to be repaired, and with stone from the same quarry in Wiltshire to which Sir Christopher Wren gave his orders when the Cathedral was being built. Two thousand men were employed in this bath-stone mine at Corsham before the war, and mining is again beginning there. How the stone is brought out, from a depth of 100 ft. below the surface, is shown in the pictures on this page

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S INSPECTING THE DAMAGE the morning after the great raid: Broken masonry and debris was piled high in the Transept



COPIES OF OLD DOCUMENTS OF THE YEAR 1698 DEALING WITH THE CATHEDRAL: The centre one concerns the supply of Portland stone: the one on the right is a warrant from Sir Christopher Wren to raise 2,000 tons of stone for the Royal Hospital at Greenwich

ST. PAUL'S will be repaired with original stone. This is being delivered from the famous bath-stone mines at Corsham, Wilts. It was from these mines, 80 ft. underground, that the stone ordered by Sir Christopher Wren for the building of St Paul's was hewn. During the war Britain's biggest underground aircraft factory was set up in the workings. Two thousand men were employed in the mines before the war, and mining will start again in a few days.

Just recently a quantity of stone from the famous Wiltshire stone mines was despatched to London for the carrying out of bomb-damage repair work to the interior of the Cathedral. It was specially selected for the work, being inspected at the quarries of the Bath and Portland Stone Firms Ltd., before despatch by the Clerk of Works from the Cathedral, who made a visit to the quarries for the purpose. It is appropriate that this stone should have been selected for the restoration work at

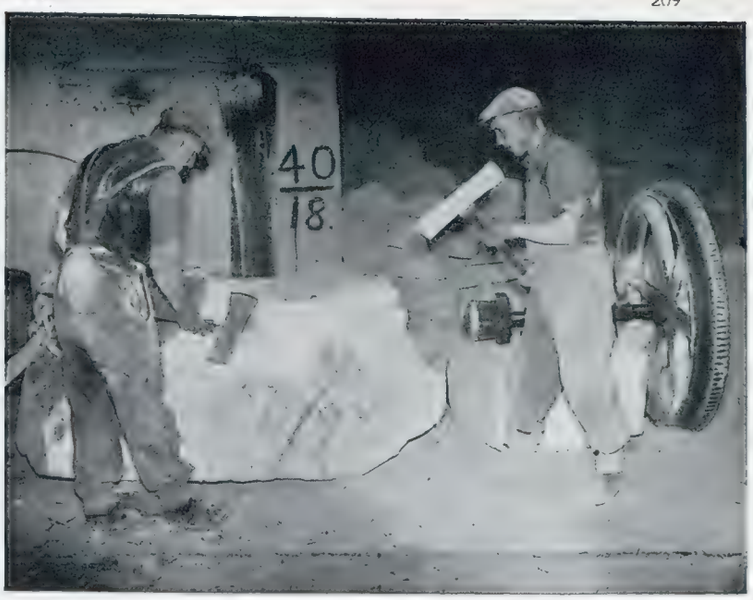
On left—The firm operating the bath-stone mine at Corsham hold the original documents authorising the raising of the Portland stone for St. Paul's Cathedral: also one issued to Mr. Thomas Gilbert, surveyor of His Majesty's quarries in Portland, for the making of a road from the quarries to the weir for the shipment of the stone to London. This was issued by order of the Committee of St. Paul's Cathedral. Since Wren's time other famous architects, such as Hawksmoor, Kent, Gibbs, Vanbrugh, Chambers, Robert Adams, and others, have adorned London with buildings of Portland stone Indeed, throughout three centuries the exteriors of most of the principal buildings have been built of this durable and handsome material

AT THE CORSHAM MINES: Mr. H. Head, chief setter-out and draughtsman, working out details in his office in Wiltshire

On left—IN ADDITION TO SUPPLYING ST. PAUL'S, stone dressings are also being used for the Bath Housing Scheme, where 386 houses are being built of bath stone at the rate of fifteen to twenty a week

BLACK STONE BEING BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE AT CORSHAM IN WILTSHIRE: The workings from which this stone comes are from between 80 and 100 ft. below the surface

BLACK STONE IS DELIVERED TO THE WORKS FROM THE MINE: It will here be treated by expert workers and cut up into suitable sizes for the various contracts on hand



CHIPPING OFF THE ROUGH BEDS TO SQUARE UP THE STONE: This work is done below the surface. The great masses of stone are then hauled away by horses up to the surface

HOW THE GREAT BLOCKS OF STONE ARE SAWN BY HAND AT THE WORKS: As will be seen, the stone is easily cut, but experts only can undertake this highly-specialised task

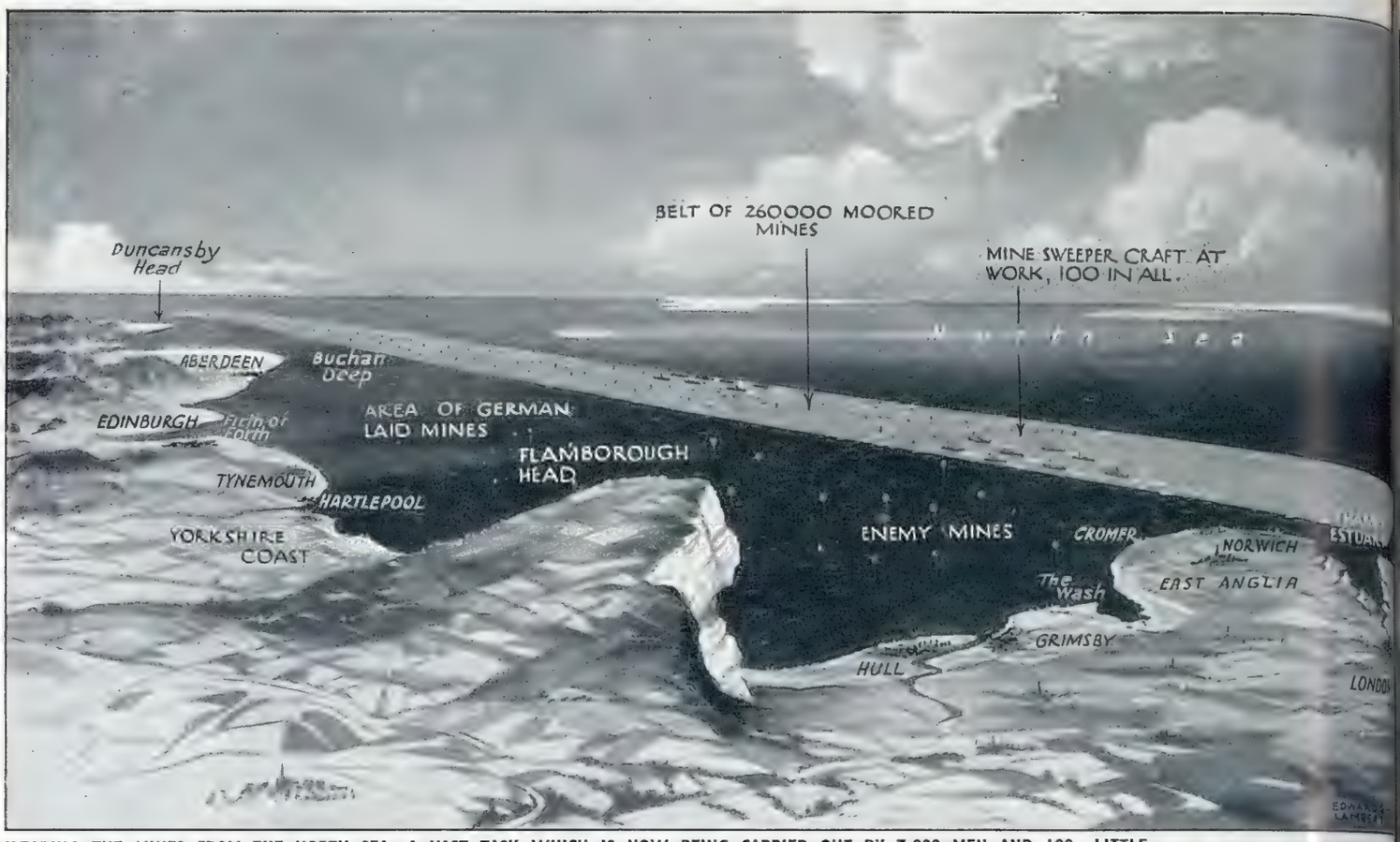
WORKING AN INTRICATE DESIGN ON THE STONE: Mr. B. J. Coles has been a mason for forty years. Mr. T. Sheppard, for fifty-four years. Both are here seen in the stonemason's yard at Corsham

St. Paul's, as it was chosen in the past for many other famous buildings, ecclesiastical and otherwise.

The stone is obtained from mines, and not open quarries, the actual workings being from 80 to 100 ft. below the surface; while the beds from which the stone is won run from 10 to 16 ft. in depth. This allows of large blocks being obtained, such as were supplied for the present work.

It is interesting to note that nearly 1,000,000 cubic feet of Portland stone was used in the building of St. Paul's. In 1673 a patent was issued under the Great Seal of England for the building, the foundation-stone of which was laid by Sir Christopher Wren two years later, on June 25, 1675. Wren made his public buildings, churches, etc., the focal points of his town-planning schemes, and as an essentially practical man, selected Portland stone as the most attractive and enduring material for such buildings in the heart of a great city, the wisdom of which selection has been amply justified by the test of nearly three centuries.

The building of St. Paul's was completed in 1710, thirty-five years after its commencement, and Wren personally supervised the fixing of the final stone at the summit of the dome—the crowning moment of achievement. The significance of Wren's work is stressed because of the vital importance of the use of enduring building material to withstand the atmosphere of London and to retain its æsthetic qualities, and not become black and dingy with time. Wren's buildings remain to show that Portland stone fulfils these conditions. The quarries from which the stone comes are worked by the largest producers of Portland stone, who have extensive facilities not only for quarrying the stone, but for machining and preparing it ready for fixing



CLEARING THE MINES FROM THE NORTH SEA—A VAST TASK WHICH IS NOW BEING CARRIED OUT BY 7,000 MEN AND 100 LITTLE SHIPS : The area now being swept extends from Duncansby Head, in the far north, to the Thames Estuary. Both our own minefields and those of the enemy have to be cleared—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert* (*See note below*)

MINEFIELDS around BRITAIN

A North Sea Task which May Take Two Years

—With Other Pictures of Naval and Maritime Interest

A hundred little ships of the R. Navy are at work clearing great defensive mine barrier laid d the war round the coast of Britain fr Duncansby Head, at the north-east of Scotland, to the Thames Estuary protect coastwise shipping. More th 260,000 moored mines were laid d the last five years in great belts wh begin 20 to 30 miles offshore. T exact location of the mine belts never be revealed. The Navy h that most of them will be clea in time for the herring fishin for herrings on their winter jou from Scotland to the Thames will right down the middle of the mine fie

THE MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY TACKLE THE JOB OF "KILLING" THE MINES washed up on the beaches : One of the lethal objects is rolled into position before the work of rendering it harmless begins

HAVING TAKEN OFF THE COVER-PLATE, Lieut. Newton begins to dismantle the deadly mechanism within

THE CASE, CONTAINING ENOUGH EXPLOSIVE TO WRECK A WHOLE STREET, is taken out from the interior by the naval Disposal Team

During the great gale which lashed the south and south-east coasts a few weeks ago, hundreds of live mines broke adrift from the fields in which they had been moored. The task of rendering these deadly objects harmless fell to officers and men of the R.M.S. (Rendering Mines Safe) Command. Here one of the disposal teams is seen at work on the beach at Littlehampton. The men come from H.M.S. *Vernon*, naval headquarters at Havant, where they were trained in their delicate and dangerous task

CLOUDS OF SMOKE ROLL OVER THE BEACH as the explosive makes a harmless bonfire : These four pictures were taken at Littlehampton, on the South Coast

MINES ARE BLOWN ASHORE DURING THE GREAT GALE WHICH RECENTLY SWEPT BRITAIN: This scene was actually witnessed by our artist at Milford-on-Sea on the South Coast. Dodging various obstacles in the raging surf, by a miracle the mine did not explode: it was eventually secured and rendered harmless. In the distance in this drawing are the Needles, off the Isle of Wight, familiar to thousands of travellers—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The four-day gale which whipped the English Channel into a state of extreme fury resulted in a very large number of mines being carried ashore by the force of the mountainous waves. Sea walls and houses were endangered by the possible explosion of these undersea weapons. One exploded with great force at Folkestone, windows being broken, and roofs damaged over a wide area of the town. Other places had narrow escapes. The inhabitants of Bognor Regis watched a mine bobbing up and down for hours. It floated close to the pier, and the thousands of spectators held their breath as it drifted under the structure, without, however, touching any part of it. When the tide changed it was secured by a wire rope. At Christchurch another mine exploded, but in a position where little damage was done. Three mines drifted ashore at Brighton—one exploded at Ovingdean Gap, slightly damaging the undercliff walk. Four mines exploded under the Isle of Wight cliffs, near the Needles, during one of the four days of storm. In the same neighbourhood, on the opposite western shore, mines threatened the shops and dwelling-houses of Milford-on-Sea and Barton-on-Sea. Our artist, Mr. Montague Dawson, depicts the scene at the former place. Huge waves were crashing on the beach when the mines made their ugly and threatening appearance. All along these stretches of coast many courageous acts were performed

The flotillas of sweepers will be out day and night through the long dark winter months and the complete task will probably take two years. The Germans have revealed that one enemy mine-field in the North Sea, about 25 miles due east of Cromer, was thickly sown with magnetic and acoustic mines and dual-purpose magnetic-acoustic mines. This minefield is 12 miles long by 5 miles wide. Each lap means a sweep of 120 miles, because the course has to be covered back and forth twelve times before it is considered safe. That means that approximately 1,200 miles of sea must be swept before this one field is clear for ships. Not only are British mines being picked up, but also German mines, many of which were laid hurriedly and haphazardly by night by E-boats, planes and midget submarines.

On right—After seventy years at Greenhithe in the River Thames, the Training Ship *Worcester* was recently towed downstream to Swanscombe, farther down the river, where she is now lying. *Worcester* is the ship of the Thames Nautical Training College: she has now been returned to the Admiralty, and her eventual fate is uncertain. She is the second vessel to bear the name, and more than 4,000 cadets have passed through her. *Worcester* is being replaced by another training ship, the *Exmouth*

FAREWELL TO THE THAMES: The famous Training Ship "Worcester" begins her journey downstream from Greenhithe to Swanscombe, where she is now lying. The Cadets are here seen hoisting-in the booms, their last job before being taken in tow. The future of this famous ship is now uncertain (*See note at left*)

MALAYAN RUBBER IS SAFE

But Some Plantations Have Been Destroyed to Grow Food

Now that it has been possible to make a survey of the situation in Malaya, it has been found that the rubber situation is much brighter than was at first expected. A British Military spokesman has made the statement that, out of the 3,500,000 acres of rubber plantations, not more than 5 per cent. have been destroyed by the Japs. In some of the rubber-growing areas, trees have been destroyed by the enemy during the years of occupation, but this was done mainly for agricultural purposes.

The plantations, owing to shortage of labour, are at a standstill: many of them were not worked during the Jap occupation, although experts say that the trees are in good condition. Official figures disclose that 33,000 tons of rubber in bulk have already been found and gathered in Malaya, and will be shipped abroad as soon as possible to relieve the universal shortages in tyres and other articles.

Above—AN AERIAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE VAST RUBBER PLANTATIONS IN MALAYA: In the foreground can be seen an area which has been cleared by the Japs for agricultural purposes—to improve the local food production

On left—It is stated that the Japanese considered that there was too much rubber in Malaya. To counter this, they cleared certain sections entirely of the rubber-bearing trees, as shown in the picture given here. The wood was used for fuel, the cleared areas for agricultural development

HOW SOME OF THE RUBBER PLANTATIONS WERE TREATED BY THE ENEMY during the three-and-a-half years of occupation—a section which has been stripped of its rubber-bearing trees

RUBBER-TREES GROWING IN ONE OF THE MALAYAN PLANTATIONS: They grow very thickly and close together. The trees have to be tapped periodically if they are to prosper

Below—RUBBER-TREES CUT DOWN AND STACKED, ready to be taken off for fuel, in one of the vast plantations in Malaya. In the background of the view can be seen the fringe of another belt of rubber-trees which had been left undisturbed by the Japanese

THE JAPANESE IN DEFEAT

A CLIMAX TO THE JAPANESE SURRENDERS THROUGHOUT THE FAR EAST: The scene in Tientsin as Jap warriors surrendered their precious Samurai swords

As a climax to the surrender of the Japanese Forces in every theatre of war, Japanese warriors were made to surrender their most personal weapons, their Samurai swords, in a ceremony held on October 6 in the Tientsin area. American Marines are here standing to attention while the swords are handed over to Colonel C. P. Van Ness (second from left), who presided on behalf of Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-shek

A JAPANESE INDUSTRIALIST INSPECTS HIS SHIPYARD halfway between Tokyo and Yokohama: It has six ways; before the bombings it employed 30,000 men; now only 3,000 are necessary. Harvard Graduate Ryozo Asano, fifty-six years of age, is one of Japan's leading industrialists and also one of the first Nipponese big business men to feel the weight of air power. When U.S. airmen appeared over Japan in 1943, among their targets were factories of the Nippon Steel Tube Company, of which he is President. He and his family also control a huge cement company, and thirty other concerns making construction materials. He claims that he tried to dissuade the Japanese militarists from making war on the U.S. because he knew the American capacity for production. Asano thinks he can put his blasted factories in working order again in a few months

On right—In the front row of the picture are seen the following (from left to right): Kenzo Matsumura, Minister of Agriculture and Forestry; Zenjiro Horikiri, Home Minister; Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, Navy Minister; Baron Shidehara, Prime Minister; Dr. Chuzo Iwata, Minister of Justice; Dr. Jogi Matsumoto, Minister without Portfolio; and Shigeru Yoshida, Foreign Minister. At the back are: Wataru Narahashi, President of the Bureau of Legislation; Viscount Shibusawa, Finance Minister; Sankuro Ogasawara, Commerce and Industry; Takeo Tanaka, Minister of Transport; Tamon Maeda, Education Minister; Dr. Hitoshi Ashida, Welfare Minister; General Shimomura, War Minister; Daizaburo Tsugita, Chief Secretary and Minister without Portfolio; and Tatsuo Kawai, Foreign Vice-Minister and President of the Board of Information

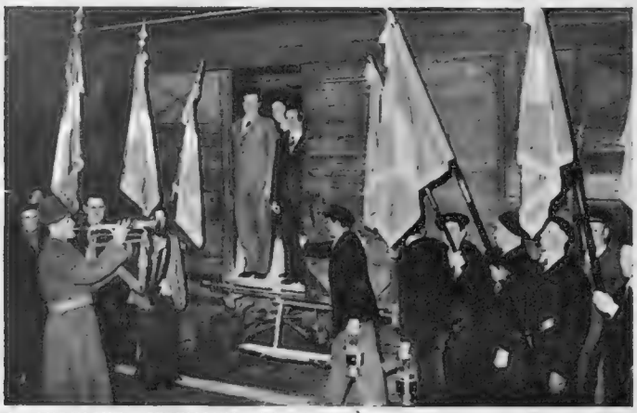
THE NEW JAPANESE CABINET, WHICH WILL HAVE THE TASK OF GOVERNING A BEATEN AND DISCREDITED NATION: This picture was taken in the grounds of the Prime Minister's residence in Tokyo. It is the first time in history that a Japanese Cabinet has been posed and photographed in the open air

STARVATION STALKS THE TOKYO STREETS: A commonplace scene in the Japanese capital. A mother and baby are alseep on the floor of the dimly-lit caverns of Tokyo's subway system. No avenue of relief is open to these people, who are the victims of their own country's love of war. Many women are widows, and many of the children are orphans. They will have no support from any agency; they are to be found in their hundreds, wandering around in quest of food and shelter. The police estimate that two to three die each night from starvation

THE SUBWAY IS A HOME FOR DESTITUTE JAPANESE CIVILIANS: Dirty, inadequately clad Japanese civilians crouch against the wall in this Tokyo subway station, while their children curl up on dirty newspapers or pieces of cloth. Japs who have no homes or food nightly go underground to sleep in the bare subway stations as the first signs of winter come to Tokyo. This winter promises to be a cold, hungry one for the Jap people

THE ALLIED COMMANDER IN NORWAY ATTENDS A FAREWELL PARADE despite that he had just been involved in a car accident : General Sir Andrew Thorne, who has now completed his task as Commander of the Allied Land Forces in Norway, carried through an inspection and farewell parade in the presence of the Crown Prince Olaf and members of the Norwegian Government in Oslo. He had just been knocked down by a motor-car, but, although severely bruised and suffering from shock, he carried on with his duties. Later, however, he had to go to hospital. This picture was taken as the Crown Prince Olaf was bidding farewell to General Sir Andrew Thorne on the quayside at Oslo

THE AMERICAN ARMY PLANS TO QUIT PARIS ON DECEMBER 1, leaving only 11,000 troops in the whole of France : A plan for the American Army's evacuation of Paris by December 1, including the many hotels, mansions, stores and other large buildings which the French Government is anxious to have restored, has been forwarded to the American H.Q. The evacuation of Paris will be so complete, according to drafters of the plan, that only a small service force of 11,000 will remain in the whole of France. This picture shows the removal of furniture from the office of the Chief Signal Officer in the Avenue Kleber



A MIDNIGHT CEREMONY AT COMPIÈGNE, to commemorate the departure of thousands of Frenchmen to the Nazi death camps : In the railway station at Compiègne, on the very spot where the Germans used to cram horse-vans with French political prisoners, a ceremony has just been held at midnight (this being the time at which the departures would take place) in remembrance of the thousands of Frenchmen who were sent to Nazi death camps. For many of them this journey was the last they ever took. Three survivors of the journeys are seen in this picture, standing in one of the horse-vans and listening to a bugler of the 9th Zouaves playing the call "To the Dead"

SIR HAROLD MacMICHAEL, FORMER HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PALESTINE, ARRIVES IN MALAYA AS A SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GOVERNMENT : Here he is seen with Lieut.-General Sir Miles Dempsey, in command in Malaya

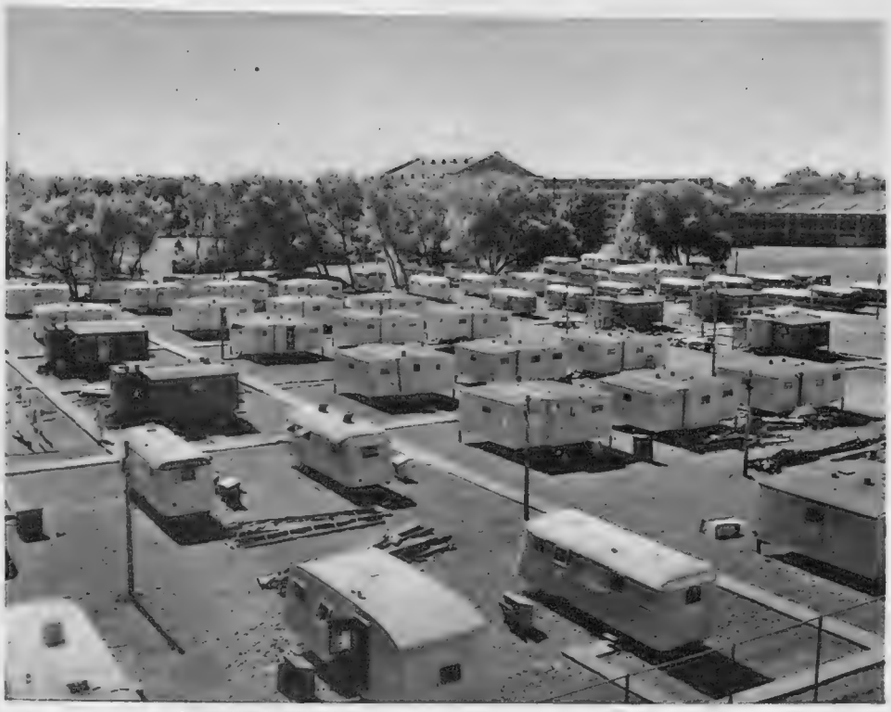
Sir Harold A. L. MacMichael, G.C.M.G., I.S.O., one-time Governor of Tanganyika and former High Commissioner for Palestine, arrived in Malaya on October 11. Landing at Port Swettenham, in Selangor, from H.M.S. *Royalist*, he was met by Lieut.-General Sir Miles Dempsey, General Officer Commanding in Malaya (whose troops were formerly known as the Fourteenth Army in Burma), and Lieut.-General O. L. Roberts, commanding the 34th Indian Corps. Sir Harold later left for Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Federated Malay States and seat of the British Military Government. He inspected a guard of honour of detachments of the Royal Artillery and the R.A.F. Regiment, Indian troops and the Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army. Sir Harold MacMichael is touring Malaya as special representative to His Majesty's Government, with a view to the establishment of Union. During his visit he will meet the Sultans of the various States and other prominent Malayan citizens

FROM FOREIGN LANDS

Pictures of News-Interest from Two Hemispheres

AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP ARRIVES AT SINGAPORE, leading a U.S. Task Force into the harbour on October 23 : The first battleship to arrive at Singapore for many years has just sailed into the harbour. It is...sisted of an American Task Force made up of the battleships *California* and *Tennessee* and six destroyers, ... anchored in Singapore Harbour on October 23, *en route* to Norfolk, Virginia, which it plans to reach on December ... the fourth anniversary of Pearl Harbour. Both battleships were damaged at Pearl Harbour, but were subsequ... repaired, and then saw action against the Japs in the enemy's home waters

ERICA HAS ITS OWN HOUSING PROBLEMS : A typical street in the village erected by the University of Wisconsin. To help relieve a housing shortage at the University of Wisconsin, a separate village of 100 house-trailers has been set up to provide accommodation for married war veterans attending the University courses at Madison. Obtained from the Badger Ordnance Works Trailer Camp at Prairie Du Sac, the one- and three-room units have been erected in a field adjacent to the University's football stadium. The site of the trailer encampment was used as a Military Reservation during the Civil War and World War I. Each trailer has a kitchenette, living-room and sleeping accommodation. All have electricity, which is also used for cooking. The small units rent for 25 dollars a month, and larger ones are 32.50 dollars. Laundry, bath and toilet facilities are housed in separate units



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TRAILER CITY AT MADISON, WISCONSIN : In the background are the Camp Randall Stadium, the University football field and the University Field House

A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN NEW YORK : Thirteen postulants receive the brown-and-white habit of Carmel and dedicate their lives to God and the Church

e two pictures above show the recent ceremony in New York in which thirteen postulants received the bit of Carmel at the Carmelite Sisters of St. Patrick's Home on Pentecost Monday. The Most Reverend . T. McCarty, C.SS.R., Military Delegate, presided : he was assisted by a gathering of churchmen from w York and other States. In addition to the thirteen young girls who took the brown-and-white bit of Carmel, five others took a more important step—pronounced the vows of obedience, poverty d chastity, and were admitted into the ranks of professed Sisters. In the picture on the left, while relatives and friends stand in the background, the thirteen postulants are seen just before the beginning of the colourful ceremony, in which they dedicated their lives to God and the Church. Some of the habits they are to assume are seen on the rail in the foreground. In the picture on the right, having changed into the habit and veil of the Carmelite Order, the thirteen Novices re-enter the Chapel in procession. Relatives and friends occupy the pews in the background, and at the right are some of the officiating clergy

PERFECT LADY TAKES PART IN A STRIKE—an amusing picture from Los Angeles : While a fellow-picket at the right emits what the Americans term a "Bronx Hosannah," a lady picket outside the Warner Brothers' Studio demonstrates with delicate gestures her opinion of the police and deputies who are keeping an open thoroughfare into the studio for those who want to work. The sign carried by the pickets in the background calls for an end of the film industry "lock-out." To add to the confusion in the film capital, recently 1,800 workers from the Lockheed aircraft plant joined in a "sympathy patrol" with strikers from the studios of Warner Brothers

THE BRITISH CO-OPERATIVE MISSION TO WARSAW are welcomed to the Polish capital after a hold-up on the Poznan Airfield : This Mission was invited by the Polish Ministry of Supply to help in the re-establishment of the Polish Co-operative Movement. On the way to Warsaw the aircraft landed at the Russian-controlled airfield at Poznan. After some misunderstandings, which were given great publicity in Britain and which were the cause of an official Russian denial, the Mission continued their journey on the following day. Members of the Mission include Lord Palmer, General Secretary of the British Co-operative Union ; Mr. L. M. Perkins (Chairman) ; Mr. J. M. Tapping ; Mr. A. A. Johnson (Director, Co-operative Wholesale Society) ; and Mr. R. Taylor (Director of the Scottish C.W.S.)

THE QUEEN AT THE LONDON COLISEUM FOR THE FIRST COMMAND PERFORMANCE SINCE 1938 smiles her acknowledgment to the programme-sellers. Behind are Princess Elizabeth (in a red gown and mink coat) and Princess Margaret (in a white fur cape over a pale-gold gown)

The COMMAND PERFORMANCE
And Other Pictures of Home Interest

THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE TWO PRINCESSES ENTER THE THEATRE (Princess Elizabeth is concealed behind the King). The Queen's dress was in ice-blue : she wore an ermine cape and a triple necklace of pearls. Two thousand five hundred people were present at the Coliseum last week at the sixteenth Variety Show attended by the Sovereign and his Queen, and the first to be held since 1938. In the result, the sum of £7,500 was obtained in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund. A great crowd had gathered outside the theatre to witness the arrival of the Royal Party. Inside, every seat was taken, most of the men and women in the higher-priced seats being in full evening dress. The King was in naval uniform, the Queen in an ice-blue gown with ermine cape, Princess Elizabeth wore red, and Princess Margaret wore a dainty girlish frock—the Royal Family thus providing a red, white and blue effect ! The performance gave much enjoyment to the whole audience, in which the King and Queen and the Princesses joined with enthusiasm

THE RETURN TO CEREMONIAL IN LONDON : A traffic policeman salutes the Royal Standard as the Life Guards go by. When the King is in London, two troopers of the King's Life Guards of Household Cavalry ride from Knightsbridge Barracks to the Horse Guards Parade every morning, carrying the Standard. Owing to the lack of ceremony during the war, many people have omitted to pay their respect to the Colours as they passed through the West End, but it is expected that they will shortly conform to pre-war observance and uncover as the Standard passes by

GUY FAWKES NIGHT IS CELEBRATED AT LEWES : In the ancient Sussex town of Lewes, the residents once again celebrated the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot on November 5 for the first time since 1938. The whole town turned out in fancy-dress costume and to the sound of trumpet and drums, marched in procession from the evening until midnight, when they set fire to the "Guy" on a pyre outside the town. Here the big parade is seen starting on its way

SCENE WITHIN THE THEATRE DURING THE ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: From the flower-decorated box, the King and Queen and the two Princesses watch a scene from "The Night and the Music." Every seat in the theatre was taken, most of the spectators in the stalls being in evening dress, and the sum taken for charity was £7,500

WORLD'S BIGGEST LINER GOES INTO DRY DOCK—the scene as the 85,000-ton "Queen Elizabeth" entered the largest dry dock at Southampton for a short overhaul: The Cunard-White Star liner entered the dry dock at Southampton a few days ago. She returned to that port at the conclusion of her first voyage across the Atlantic since she was released from her task of transporting returning American soldiers. At high water she was taken to the King George V graving dock, which was built specially to accommodate the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*. It is the first time the former has entered: in fact, it is the first time the *Queen Elizabeth* has dry-docked in this country

LORD GORT ARRIVES IN BRITAIN FROM PALESTINE: Lord Gort, V.C., whose resignation from the post of High Commissioner for Palestine and Transjordan on account of ill-health was announced in the House of Commons last week, arrived by air from Palestine at Blackbushe Aerodrome, in Surrey, on November 6. On arrival, Lord Gort appeared lame and was walking with the aid of a stick. Here he is seen on arrival being greeted by his son-in-law, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C. (on left), and his daughter, Lady De L'Isle and Dudley (on right). Lord Gort is to enter Guy's Hospital in London

NEW BUSES ROLL OFF A PLANE ASSEMBLY LINE, FOR EXPORT, for the first time since 1939: Back to peace-time production once again, new buses are rolling off a line where, throughout the war, bombers were assembled. The Park Royal Coaches, pre-war plant of bus-builders, is again manufacturing buses for export. The first of the new batch will go to Ceylon. The plant is situated in North-West London: here workmen are seen putting finishing touches to the new vehicles as they leave

A POST-WAR VISIT TO NEUTRAL SWITZERLAND

Land of Plenty and the Playground of American Soldiers on Leave

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

ANYONE who has seen that charming film *Marie Louise*, which tells the story of French refugee children being given homes in Switzerland, can admittedly guess at the state of things in that country to-day. But here are some real facts.

Switzerland is only two hours and fifty minutes by air from us. The aircraft are D.C.3's, and though old, very comfortable. The first meal which the visitor enjoys will probably be at the Zurich station restaurant, the main dish of which consists of a large, tender, grilled steak, followed by about a quarter of a pound of Emmenthal cheese, and bananas *ad lib.* There are bananas everywhere in Switzerland, imported from the Canary Islands.

The wine list at the station restaurant shows no shortage. The finest sherry is 1s. 6d. a glass; Benedictine, Chartreuse and the best cognac work out at 2s. 6d. a glass. The finest claret and burgundies go from £1 to 30s. The highest price for the choicest vintage champagnes is £2. The admirable Swiss wines, Dézaley, Neuchâtel, Döle and Johannisberg, range in price from 6s. to 10s.

On four days of the week the visitor can have two steaks a day if he wants them. For he is given six meal coupons per diem, but if he has a steak he is charged three coupons instead of two. Many people, therefore, forego breakfast, except for a cup of coffee (no longer rationed), and thus have six coupons with which to play for the rest of the day. Tea used to be rationed, and so were clothes, but these restrictions have been removed. You can buy pure silk, fully-fashioned stockings at 14 Sw. fr. a pair. Socks, shirts and suits can be seen in profusion in all the shops. Shoes are particularly good.

On the meatless days the visitor can get the best possible fish, soles, lobsters and turbot, which come by road from Denmark in thirty-six hours. This service was originally instituted by the Germans. Oranges are to be seen almost everywhere. The local grapes are famous.

The standard still maintained by the Swiss hotels is absolutely excellent. The food is beautifully cooked and the prices cheap. Lunch at a first-class establishment costs 5s., dinner 8s., while pension terms and even de luxe hotels go from 27s. to 36s. daily—less than we pay for a bedroom without breakfast in London hotels. The railways, too, are remarkable. Many of the morning trains are 30 to 40 per cent. quicker than they were in 1939. The rolling-stock, moreover, is brand-new and wonderfully comfortable.

Against this, bread is rationed, although one can get all the admirable Swiss rolls one wants at each meal. Sugar is rationed, too; the visitor receives one lump of sugar and a little sack of saccharine with his tea or coffee. Fats also are rationed, the butter ration being the same as in England. As for the sweet ration, this is slightly less than ours.

Petrol has been almost non-existent, though the military authorities are now releasing huge quantities. But even this shortage has been negotiated without discomfort. The Swiss have developed wood fuel with great success. In front of the radiator of every car is a device about half the size of the bonnet which converts wood into gas; so transport is a perfectly simple matter.

Mind you, things were not always like this. Switzerland was genuinely short of food until she was able to organise her own lorry service to Lisbon. During that period potatoes were grown on golf courses as in England, and ornamental gardens were dug up for vegetables.

At first, when British aircraft flew over Switzerland, people went to their shelters, but they soon discovered that this was unnecessary. They had a different experience, however, when American aircraft flew over parts of Switzerland by day. Many people were killed by American bombs at Basle and Schaffhausen, among other places.

But all that has been forgotten. Thousands of U.S. Service men and women in uniform are wandering all over Switzerland at this very minute. Even in the smallest villages American troops, both white and black, can be seen shopping and sight-seeing in the best tourist manner. The seven-days holiday enjoyed by these Americans costs them only 35 dollars, inclusive of everything, and they are allowed to bring the equivalent of £11 15s. in cash to spend. They are having a wonderful time, buying thousands of watches for eventual re-sale to Russian soldiers in Berlin for sufficient profit to pay for their whole trip. Up to date, 100,000 members of the U.S. Forces have visited Switzerland since last July. By July 1946 this figure will have reached 350,000.

These Swiss tours for the American military personnel in the European theatre of operations are divided into four periods: summer, autumn, pre-winter and winter. The American Army supplies the daily food ration to which he is entitled to each member of the United States entering Switzerland, the rations being handed over to the Swiss Army, which places them at the disposal of the Swiss Food Office. The most remarkable part about this arrangement is that the Swiss Government itself advances all the necessary money to the American military authorities through the Swiss National Bank. So far, 100,000,000 Sw. fr. for ultimate repayment at some future date has been lent in this way.

The Swiss are most anxious to give exactly the same facilities to the British Army of Occupation, including an advance of the necessary money; but their overtures have so far been disregarded. Not only that, Switzerland has now become almost the only place in the world to which a British visitor is forbidden to take even £100. This naturally upsets the Swiss Government, who presume that this discrimination is due to their attitude towards the Germans during the war.

On this subject they are perfectly frank. They point out that Switzerland's internal economy could not possibly have been maintained without the coal and flour which only Germany was in a position to send after the fall of France. In any event, they add, Hitler would have taken by force the goods that they sold to Germany. Actually, out of a population of 5,000,000, the Swiss mobilised no fewer than 850,000 troops, a fantastic performance. To what extent they could have resisted the German troops will never be known, but their obvious determination to try to protect their mountainous country had a suitably deterrent effect on Hitler. To-day, Germans are very scarce in Switzerland; even Davos is free of them.

In the meantime, the Swiss are most anxious to buy goods from Britain. There is no need to be a salesman to secure orders there. A friend of mine, who has just returned, tells me that during his first four days in Zurich he was definitely offered firm orders by important firms for 3,000 tons of tinplate, thousands of metres of the best quality cloth, and thousands of pipes, among other commodities. In their desire to re-establish good relations with Great Britain, the Swiss are even considering a loan of 40,000,000 Sw. fr. without interest.

So far, they have made no attempt to capitalise the magnificent record of the International Red Cross, an entirely Swiss affair, with headquarters at Geneva. Without the International Red Cross, the efforts of the British Red Cross and the American Red Cross would have been completely fruitless. The supplies for our prisoners of war in Germany, Italy and in Japanese-occupied territories would never have reached them if the Swiss organisation had not arranged the transport and distribution. Switzerland was the Protecting Power, and our men in the stalags know better than anyone how much they owe to the International Red Cross. One day, no doubt, the Swiss Government will authorise publication of the full story of the International Red Cross's wartime activities. When that happens, people's eyes will be opened to the astonishing devotion to their errands of mercy by countless Swiss officials all over the world. It is true, of course, that the International Red Cross, by its very nature, had also to look after the interests of German and Italian prisoners of war. But that could scarcely be avoided.

Switzerland has always been a professional neutral. It welcomed the regicides, and in the Church of St. Martin at Vevey lie the remains of Ludlow and Broughton, who read the death sentence to Charles I in 1649; and it was only fifty years ago that a memorial tablet was erected in their memory.

It is this tradition of open-handed hospitality to almost every stranger who comes within their gates which has put Switzerland into her present unfortunate position of being a friend of nobody. True, her amicable relations with the United States have been re-established unofficially during the past few weeks. But it is to Great Britain that she turns her eyes.

It is not for me to say why all Switzerland's attempts at conciliation are snubbed, but it must be at a very high level; otherwise the Swiss offer to give our troops the same delightful leave which the Americans are enjoying could scarcely be refused; particularly as they are prepared to advance money to finance the project.

In the hopes that the British Government and the Bank of England may still show themselves more conciliatory, many of the hotels at the winter sports resorts are reopening this winter for the first time in six years. Among them is the Suvretta, at Klosters; but the only encouragement that Switzerland has yet had was the recent decision of the Cresta Club in London to go shares in the cost of preparing the famous run at St. Moritz this year; a decision, incidentally, which seems difficult to implement in view of the present currency regulations.

A TOUR OF THE COUNTRY FOR THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS: Three American soldiers on a seven-day Army-sponsored tour of Switzerland taking kindly to the sport of mountain-climbing, with a short walk up one of the smaller peaks above St. Moritz. Up to date 100,000 members of the U.S. Forces have visited Switzerland since last July. By July 1946 this figure will have reached 350,000. Switzerland is anxious to offer the same facilities to the British Army of Occupation, but so far her overtures have not been accepted

OVERLOOKING LAKE LUCERNE: American soldiers on their seven-day furlough having lunch with the Siegwart family at their home on the banks of Lake Lucerne. Even in the smallest Swiss villages, American troops, both white and black, can be seen shopping and sightseeing

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS: The Chief Commissioner, Mr. N. K. Paterson (on left), with Brigadier J. A. Salamons on board the "Dilwara"

LATE NEWS-PICTURES FROM ABROAD

Early in October, British Occupation Forces landed at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands. The leading ship of the convoy from India was the M.S. *Dilwara*. On board was Brigadier J. A. Salamons, in charge of the operation, and the Chief Commissioner of the Andamans, Mr. N. K. Paterson. British troops arrived at the beaches in landing-craft; the civilian population gave them a great welcome, while the Japs displayed a front of extreme courtesy. Japanese Staff Officers came aboard the *Dilwara* to arrange the surrender and to co-operate with the British. The signing took place on October 9, at the Gymphana Sports Ground. Personnel of Civil Affairs services organised the distribution of food to the civil population and vaccinated them. For rehabilitation of the islanders, the Occupation Convoy brought 370,000 yards of cloth, 2,000 tons of food, and a quantity of farming machinery.

A BUSY MORNING FOR THIS YOUNG MAN OF THE ANDAMANS: He has collected his food issue, and is now being vaccinated after the British occupation of the islands

THE UNREST IN PALESTINE: Members of the Palestine Police Force and others dig out a body from the wrecked Signal Tower at Lydda, after an act of terrorism by Palestinian extremists

A VIEW OF THE WRECKED SIGNAL TOWER AT LYDDA: The roof is shown resting on the wrecked walls, which collapsed. Palestine Police and other workers are about to clear away the debris. A systematic attack was carried out on railways throughout the length and breadth of Palestine on November 1. It resulted in a total of four deaths. The Palestinian railways were cut at approximately fifty places. In the attack on Lydda Signal Tower, one British soldier guarding the building was killed and also a Palestinian policeman. The British Government on November 2 laid the blame for the outbreak of terrorism to "very careful planning by a very considerable organisation among the Jewish community"

IN PARIS, THE CITIZENS GREET THE RETURN OF THEIR PETROL BUSES: Whilst London bus conductors were engaged in an obstinate battle against the passengers on the issue of the "No Standing Room," in Paris passengers were standing to their heart's content. A special platform is provided on the buses; all the passengers were very enthusiastic, because this is the first time that the regular bus communications have been restored. At last the Metro will be "decongested" (at a moment when Londoners were going "Underground")

M. MOLOTOV MAKES HIS "ATOM" SPEECH IN MOSCOW IN THE ABSENCE OF M. STALIN: This radio photograph of M. Molotov was taken as he addressed the meeting in Moscow on the eve of Russia's twenty-eighth Anniversary of the Revolution. The most notable point about the speech was the Foreign Commissar's reference to the Atom Bomb; most notable absentee was Generalissimo Stalin. Marshal Zhukov is seen in the background of this picture, second from left

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE LONDONER'S OWN NOVEL

Norman Collins Writes a Rich, Eventful Story; The Saint in Action Again; An American Evangelist in Eskimoland; The War of Civil Aviation To-day

SOME of the most widely-read books have succeeded in spite of almost crippling titles; clumsy, irrelevant, skittish or merely vapid. Some, on the other hand, have been bought in their thousands of copies simply on the eye-catching quality of their titles. To digress a little, it might also be said that a novel with an excellent title is something like a job won by influence: the first important step is taken in the buying of the book or the appointment to the post. After that, the novel and the worker are on their own, and they have to rely only on their own merits.

LONDON BELONGS TO ME (Collins. 12s. 6d.) has an ideal start in this matter, and Mr. Norman Collins has seen to it that the matter of his novel sustains that first happy impression. I suppose this book will be called everything from a Cockney saga to a modern Dickensian romance. In fact, very much in his own style, which is not always felicitous but always readable, Mr. Collins has written a long, full and satisfying novel about a group of Londoners living south of the Thames and at one remove from penury.

They are the lodgers in an old house, distinguished in its original Georgian state and something more than shabby in its present condition. They are not in the slums, but the slums are perilously close, just at the end of the street. And they are respectable, or have a façade of respectability, until Mr. Collins, who has created them, gets behind that façade and proceeds to crack it wide open.

Even so, there are still the Jossers; Mr. Josser, the little, old, retired clerk and his wife, tight-lipped but admirable defender of homely virtues. There are the Jossers' children too; Doris, who marries a sensible young doctor, and Ted, solid mainstay of the Co-op. hardware department, married to an usherette. Mrs. Boon is respectable, too, in spite of her car-thief murderer son; and Mrs. Vizzard, the landlady, living her subterranean life in the basement, is respectable, notwithstanding her infatuation for a greasy psychical "medium."

But whatever their reputation and their private frailties, they and their more raffish neighbours are all *people*. That, more than the deft interweaving of seven complementary plots, is the real strength of this novel and of Mr. Collins' talent. He not only writes about people—if you except Bloomsbury, most novelists do that—but he brings people to life and keeps them vital and human.

There are about 300,000 words in this novel, and although I don't say that some of them might not have been pared off here and there, I still like it as it is: full of movement, full of talk and, like London itself, something to remember with affection.

The next paragraph or two are written mainly for those percipient readers who appreciate drama in action when they see it. I am not concerned here with high-, low- or middle-brows, but with that vast section of the literate public who enjoy the excitement of a really good thriller, as it might be a story about "The Saint." The newest in this series by Mr. Leslie Charteris is **THE SAINT ON GUARD** (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.), a book which actually contains two short novels.

This playboy of the underworld has now suffered a war change into something rich and strange. He has, in fact, come down on the side of the forces of law and order, and is now (or was, when the book was written, apparently in the last year of the war) working for a particularly hush-hush Washington department, something more powerful and mystery-cloaked than even the F.B.I.

The first story shows him visiting death and damnation on the black marketeers who traffic in an essential armaments chemical. The venue is chiefly New York, and the pace as swift as ever. True to tradition, but never repetitive enough to be exasperating, the Saint is trapped in the tightest of corners, and has to rely on the sketchy device of an exploding cigarette-end. I won't waste anyone's time with assurances that he fights his way out and Gets His Man.

The other and shorter story concerns sabotage and German spies in Texas, and in both exploits our hero fully earns the praise that he gets from his aloof Washington authorities. Again, as usual, there is something positively narcotic about Mr. Charteris's writing; one is lulled and soothed by the richness of his vocabulary—as it applies to adjectives particularly, and by the reiterations of praise for the Saint's prowess. The curious thing is that the story should remain so exciting within, as it were, this glossy mink coating of literary manner.

Timely is the word for Mr. C. G. Grey's book on aviation, **THE CIVIL AIR WAR** (Harborough. 12s. 6d.). One is accustomed to thinking of Mr. Grey, founder of *The Aeroplane*, not so much as an expert as *the* expert on flying matters. He already has nine authoritative books on various aspects of the subject to his credit and is a distinguished air correspondent to no fewer than three daily papers. In his Foreword, Mr. Grey writes that the title was chosen because "we have not conquered the air by a long way, and are likely to be at war with it for years to come before we make flying safe." Secondly, because "there is a very fine war going on and likely to go on for a long time, between the air transport interests of all the nations which can afford to run air lines." Thirdly, he adds, because we have on hand a fierce private civil war between all the transport interests in this country—sea, land and air, commercial, bureaucratic and political.

Mr. Grey pays a tribute to those two great pioneers of wartime air transport, Major-General F. A. M. Browning and Wing-Commander Sir Nigel Norman—to give them the ranks which they held when they began their work—and he points out with the refreshing bluntness that makes this book so readable, just how that basic wartime organisation can and should be converted to peacetime use.

Thirty-five years ago England's first Director of Military Aeronautics said that just as our rocky coasts and our foul climate had forced us to produce the best seamen and best ships in the world, so our small fields and our foul climate would force us to produce the best airmen and the best aeroplanes in the world. "The truth of that saying," writes Mr. Grey stoutly, "was proved long ago."

Mr. W. B. Van Valin, who is traveller, pioneer, archæologist, teacher, evangelist and lecturer, is particularly an authority on the more remote and the icier reaches of Alaska. In **ESKIMOLAND SPEAKS** (Museum Press. 12s. 6d.), he has written an account of his adventures and, more remarkable still, his wife's exploits in what seems to most of us stay-at-homes the most barren of lands. Mrs. Van Valin not only brought up her children for some years in Alaska, but one of her babies was actually born in Arctic Alaska, probably the farthest north for any recorded birth to a white woman. Between them, husband and wife schooled their neighbours, the Eskimos, and shared in their activities. In great detail the author writes of the perilous life of the Eskimos, who depend entirely on the hunting of Polar bears and wild birds, and the harpooning of seals and whales not only for their food but for their clothing and for the simple implements of their daily lives.

As a record of endurance and even cheerfulness in the face of the bleakest discomfort and often physical danger, this story would take some beating.

Miss Mazo de la Roche's ninth Jalna book is chronologically the first of the series, but that should not bewilder the more stalwart of the Whiteoaks enthusiasts. **THE BUILDING OF JALNA** (Macmillan. 9s. 6d.) takes the story back to the year 1850 with Adeline, the impressive and indeed forbidding dowager of later books, a hot-headed young bride, and Captain Whiteoak, her gallant soldier-husband.

Together they migrate to Canada, taking their first little baby with them, and decide to set up house on the shores of Lake Ontario in what is then virgin country. Still to come are the chronicles of Eden and Wakefield and red-haired Rennie (I quote from memory) and Finch, the musical one. But this is the story of how it all began and how Jalna, the house, came to exist.

"NUMBER ONE, LONDON," and the place it is to occupy in the new Town Planning scheme for Hyde Park Corner: Westminster City Council is not going to knock down Apsley House, known all over the world as No. 1 London. Alderman C. P. Russell told the Council that although the house would not be touched, it would be on an island surrounded by traffic if the London plan was adopted. Apsley House was built in 1771 by the Adam brothers, and was presented to the Duke of Wellington by the nation after Waterloo

A SCHOOL FOR STARLETS AT GOLDER'S GREEN: A scene at Mrs. Aida Foster's School for Dancing and Dramatic Art and Elocution at Golders Green, where children are taught not only dancing, elocution and all the aspects of dramatic art, but have general education up to matriculation standard. Producers are constantly on the look-out for young star material now that Britain is making a bid for supremacy in the film world, and many potential stars are in the course of training at Mrs. Foster's school

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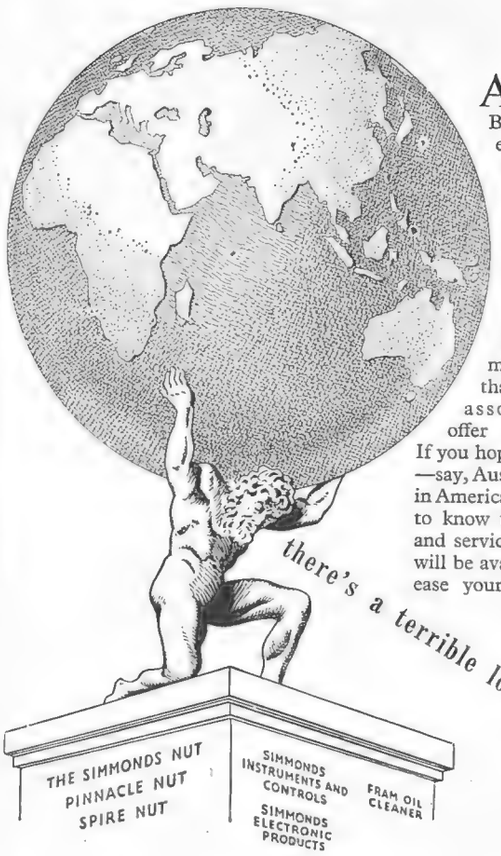

AN alleged defect of British manufacturers in export markets is their failure to provide service facilities on the spot. Well, of course, there are a lot of spots in the world. In considering engineering parts and components (for machine tools, motor vehicles and aircraft for instance) you may like to keep in mind that Simmonds and its associated companies do offer a world wide service. If you hope to sell your products in —say, Australia, on the Continent or in America, it should ease your mind to know that renewals and spares and service of Simmonds' products will be available *on the spot*. It will ease your customers' minds too!

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C.R.C.8

What is wrong with this picture?

There's something peculiar about this office. Take the boss for example. He's talking into the *ear*piece of the receiver . . and hasn't the instrument disappeared? His jacket too is suspect—men don't usually button theirs on the left. Next, take a look at those two open drawers in the foreground—a desk simply could not be made like that. Mistake No. 5?—no paper in the typewriter . . . and No. 6?. . . How did that box of Caley FORTUNE chocolates get there? Caley's aren't making FORTUNE now—not until they've a factory of their own again. Meanwhile good friends in the trade are making Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

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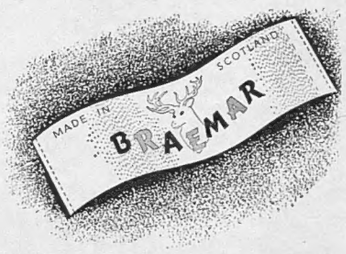

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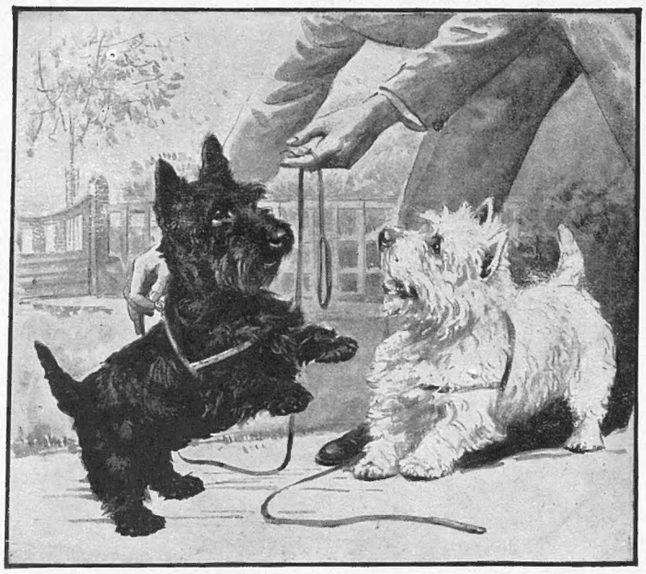

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Sir Thomas Gresham and the pearl

THE bourse built by Sir Thomas Gresham was proclaimed the Royal Exchange by Queen Elizabeth who formally opened it in 1570. She afterwards honoured Sir Thomas by dining with him when, if we are to believe the contemporary poets, Sir Thomas toasted the queen in a cup of wine in which a pearl which "no-one could afford to buy" had been crushed.

"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes;
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl
Unto his queen and mistress; pledge it lords!"

That Queen Elizabeth named the Royal Exchange and that Sir Thomas toasted her are matters of history, but the story of the pearl is at least as old as Cleopatra and may easily be a flight of poetic fancy.

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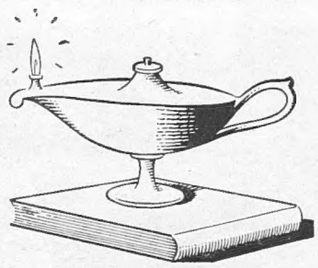

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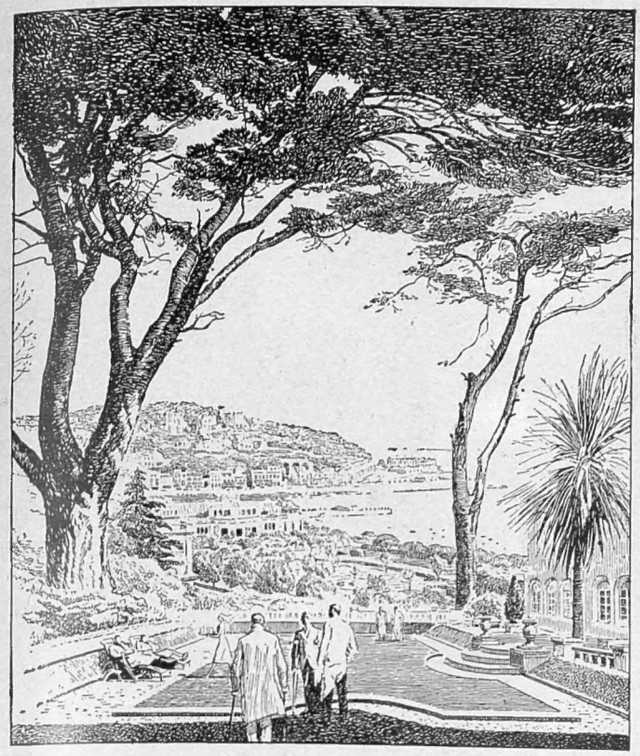

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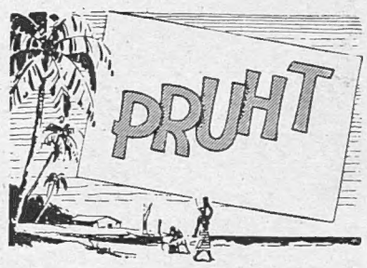

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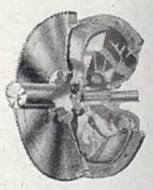

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